

Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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OCT.





Intelligence officer interviewing flyer on return from mission

by Alexander G. Raymond

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Kodachrome cover by Louis Lowery of Leatherneck

THE LEATHERNECK, OCTOBER, 1948

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SOUND OFF

Edited by
Sgt. Harry Polete

NEEDED IMPROVEMENT

Sirs:

Time out to congratulate you on the make-up of the July issue. A fine job and certainly much needed improvement . . .

Carter Fisher,
CWO, USMCR
Philadelphia, Pa.



BOOTH FAN

Sirs:
I have read your July issue of the Leatherneck and I find the magazine as excellent as before except for one thing, the cartoon page or pages that I have enjoyed immensely previously in the June issue by George Booth.

The magazine was introduced to me through my brother and since I was in the Seabees I read the magazine for the first time. This brought back the days that the Marines gave us training at Camp Peary, Williamsburg. When we left for overseas duty they left something with us that the Marines possessed so admirably, "Esprit de Corps," for which I admire them.

I am very proud of the past association with the Marine Corps, I am sure the Marines that trained us at Camp Peary will remember us, I was with the 10th Special Battalion.

Anthony Czerria

● Booth was discharged recently and is studying art and free lancing in Chicago. He will continue to contribute to Leatherneck. See page 60.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

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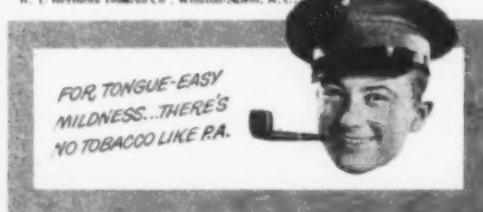
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

SOUND OFF (cont.)

CORRECTION

THE picture of Major General Franklin A. Hart, Bishop Vincent S. Waters and General Clifton B. Cates, which appeared in the article "Windows of the Marines" in the August *Leatherneck*, was incorrectly captioned. The name of Father Ignatius Smith was erroneously substituted for that of Bishop Waters.



EAGER TO ENLIST

Sirs:

The fact that I was born in a Marine town and have a brother who has served in the Corps for almost ten years has done much to make me a sound booster of the U. S. Marine Corps (although I claim not to be in the least prejudiced—confidentially, I couldn't be more so).

I have finally gotten around to asking you a question which I have mulled over for a long time and have decided now is the time to ask it since a law has been passed permitting women to enter the regular services.

When the Women's Reserve first came into being, I tried to enlist, however, I was too young. Now I am of age, but I have another problem. I called the Navy Department and they told me that the Army and Navy planned to enlist "Regulars" some time in September.

However, when I called the Marine station, I was told that only re-enlistments would be accepted.

Is this so? Is there no getting around it? I mean any special tests, or someone to see or something? I'm absolutely desolate. I'd hate to join the Navy—they would probably kick me out fast because I'd rave so about the Leathernecks. Come to my aid Mr. Anthony—please, please, please, PULEEZE!

(Miss) Leslie T. McDade
New York, N. Y.

• Leatherneck has had numerous inquiries from girls interested in joining the Marines but we have bad news for all who were not formerly WRs. WR Director Major Julia E. Hamblett states that immediate plans call for the enlistment of only 728 regulars and that this initial group will be selected from the 18,000 former WRs. The bill mentioned above provides for the enlistment of only 1000 women regulars in the next two years, and the Marine Corps feels it advisable for numerous reasons to select the initial group from among women who formerly served in the Corps.—Ed.

LIKES PIN UPS

Sirs:

I quite agree with Mrs. B. Butler in the July issue of *Leatherneck*, that it is one of the best magazines published.

But I very heartily disagree about her calling Maria Montez a shameless hussy.

It certainly took Mrs. Butler a long time to blow her top. Maybe she doesn't realize it but many of our Marines enjoy these pin-ups. My husband, for one, and I enjoy them with him. Maybe she'd call me a hussy, too.

I know we still have many swell boys overseas and I can imagine how they feel about seeing pictures of pretty girls like Miss Montez. Mrs. Butler is probably an elderly lady and doesn't like the things us kids do. But I hope she still enjoys the rest of this swell magazine.

Mrs. Grady Edgington
Tulsa, Okla.



PIN-UP DEFENSE

Sirs:

Just received my copy of *Leatherneck* (peace time size) and like it!

Also read "A Mother Sounds Off"—and didn't like that!

I enjoy your magazine and study it from cover to cover. I have yet to find anything but inspiration to be a better "Marine Mother" with every copy.

When I read your magazine I never lose sight of the fact it is a magazine BY Marines and FOR Marines, and not a "Ladies Home Journal." I wouldn't change it for the world.

Your choice of pictures for your last page are amusing, and if any Marine seeing them can whistle and still say under his breath "It's still 30 years in the Marine Corps for me"—HE'S A LEATHERNECK—that's for sure!

As a mother I say—and I say it just as vehemently as any other mother—keep your magazine full of the things our Marine sons get a kick out of, and mothers will be right back of you.

As for giving ideas to the younger boys of the Corps—phooey!

Every time my son comes home he is more the man. I'm so darn proud of the job the Marine Corps has done on him, I can't praise it enough.

Through *Leatherneck*, all during the war I felt closer to my boy. I subscribed when he went overseas in 1943 and feel I am justified in saying it's a grand publication, inspiring and living up to the Corps' traditions.

So keep up the good work. If any woman just tries to tell you you're not doing a good job, remember there are many more others ready to tell you: You ARE.

Mrs. Marguerite Thompson, R. N.
Ashland, Ky.

THAT PIN UP AGAIN

Sirs:

In your "Sound Off" column where a mother complained about the picture that was printed in the *Leatherneck*, I want to tell Mrs. Butler, I disagree with her fully.

Pictures such as the one printed, help the morale of many service men and especially as a Marine, I think he knows the story.

All apologies to Mrs. Butler, but modern times bring modern things.

Fred Cosentino
Ex-Marine Corporal
Ambridge, Pa.



BRASS BUTTONS

Sirs:

In the July issue of the *Leatherneck* I noted, in the article "Dress Right," by Sgt. Edward J. Evans two items that I would consider as an error.

Concerning the photographic illustration on page 35; I was under the impression, and I am sure others in the Corps have the same impression, that the sword scabbards worn by the first pay-grade non-commissioned officers were suspended from the belt by a white sling similar in construction to those worn by the commissioned officers and non-commissioned officers of lesser rank while performing ceremonial duties as platoon sergeant, gunnery sergeant, sergeant major, and first sergeant.

In the last paragraph, second column, page 35, the sergeant stated that the buttons on the new type blue uniform should not be polished. I have polished the buttons on my new type blue blouse quite thoroughly before wearing and find that the shine improves with each polishing.

William E. Winterstein
M/Sgt. USMC

● For the benefit of M/Sgt. Winterstein and all other first pay graders, it is stated in the article at the top of page 35, "All NCOs will attach the sword to the belt by means of a sword frog." The old first pay grade sling and scabbard will no longer be used.

In regard to the polishing of buttons, we agree that no harm seems to result from shining them and dull dirty buttons are certainly no credit to a Marine's appearance, but this matter is left to the discretion of commanding officers. Marines on duty at Headquarters Marine Corps were forbidden by battalion commander's order to shine their buttons for the reasons stated in the article and the situation was noted for the information of all concerned.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

"Movie star? Nah! Just a doll protecting her eyes against the wolves' DYANSHINE'D shoes."



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Top commands in
the Marine Corps

- Headquarters USMC recently released a list of the top commanding officers of the Marine Corps today. They are as follows:

Commandant.....General Clifton B. Cates
Assistant Commandant.....MajGen Oliver P. Smith

DEPARTMENTAL AND DIVISION HEADS

Quartermaster General.....MajGen William P. T. Hill
Aviation Director.....MajGen William J. Wallace
Assistant Director.....BrigGen William O. Brice
Reserve Aviation Training..BrigGen Christian F. Schilt
Reserve.....MajGen William T. Clement
Inspector General.....BrigGen Robert Blake
Public Information & Recruiting..BrigGen John T. Selden
Plans and Policies.....BrigGen Ray A. Robinson
Personnel.....BrigGen Robert H. Pepper
Disbursing Branch.....BrigGen Merritt B. Curtis
Supply Branch.....BrigGen Andrew E. Creesy

UNIT COMMANDERS

Fleet Marine Force Atlantic....LtGen Keller E. Rockey
Chief of Staff.....BrigGen Vernon E. Megee
Second Marine Division.....MajGen Franklin A. Hart
Assistant Division Commander..BrigGen William E. Riley
Air, FMF Atlantic.....MajGen Field Harris
Second Marine Air Wing.....MajGen Field Harris
Fleet Marine Force Pacific.....LtGen Thomas E. Watson
Marine Garrison Forces Pacific.MajGen Samuel L. Howard
First Marine Division.....MajGen Graves B. Erskine
Assistant Division
Commander.....BrigGen Harry B. Liversedge
FMF, Western Pacific.....BrigGen Gerald C. Thomas
First Marine Provisional
Brigade.....BrigGen Edward A. Craig
First Marine Air Wing.....MajGen Louis E. Woods
Deputy Commander.....BrigGen Lawson H. M. Sanderson
Air, FMF, Pacific.....BrigGen Thomas J. Cushman
Marine Air Group 24
(Reinforced).....BrigGen William L. McKittrick
Air FMF Western Pacific...Col Frank H. Lamson-Scribner

ATTACHED TO NAVY

Marine Liaison, CNO.....BrigGen Merwin H. Silverthorn
Amphib Troop Training
 Atlantic.....BrigGen William A. Worton
 Amphib Troop Training Pacific....MajGen John T. Walker

POSTS AND STATIONS

Marine Barracks,
 San Diego Area.....MajGen Graves B. Erskine
Chief of Staff.....BrigGen Omar T. Pfeiffer
Recruit Depot San Diego.....MajGen Leo D. Hermle
Marine Corps Schools

BULLETIN BOARD

Top commands in
the Marine Corps
(cont.)

Quantico.....MajGen Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr.
Assistant Commandant Schools..BrigGen Dudley S. Brown
Marine Barracks Camp Lejeune...MajGen Franklin A. Hart
Chief of Staff.....BrigGen Henry D. Linscott
Recruit Depot Parris Island....MajGen Alfred H. Noble
Marine Air Base Cherry Point....BrigGen Ivan W. Miller
Marine Air Station El Toro..Col. Stanley E. Ridderhoff
Marine Air Station Quantico.....Col. Albert D. Coolehy
Marine Air Station Ewa, T.H.Col. Frank C. Croft

FUNCTIONAL COMMANDS

Department of Pacific.....MajGen LeRoy P. Hunt
President Equipment Board.....BrigGen Louis R. Jones
Depot Quartermaster
San Francisco.....BrigGen Fred S. Robillard
Depot Quartermaster
Philadelphia.....BrigGen Leonard E. Rea

New training
programs open
to WRs

• Women Reserves who want to participate in inactive Volunteer Naval Reserve Training duty, are now eligible under new directives issued by the Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel. The existing directives now regarding the Supply Corps, Naval Intelligence and Communications Supplementary Activities Volunteer Reserve Programs have been construed to include Women Reserves. The directives for these programs do not specifically include WRs, but in recent memorandums to all naval districts, the Assistant Chief of Naval Personnel stated that all opportunities such as these would be given to Women Reserves.

School age
dependents of
overseas personnel
will receive
proper education

• Personnel assigned to duty at an overseas base who have school age dependents accompanying them can be assured of reasonable educational facilities for the dependents, either through attendance at organized schools or through correspondence courses. This information is disseminated to Naval personnel through BuPers Circ. Ltr. 65-48, which reaffirms the Navy's policy regarding dependent's schooling program. Administration of these schools is maintained from appropriated funds. In some cases, however, a tuition fee may be charged, the letter states. School age children in grades 1-12 inclusive will be eligible for these facilities. In overseas bases where school facilities are not available, naval personnel may use facilities of correspondence courses as suggested by BuPers. These are for secondary and elementary school courses for which a small charge is made. The following schools are operating in overseas areas at the present time: Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; Trinidad, B. W. I.; Argentina, Newfoundland; Roosevelt Roads, P. R.; Yokosuka, Japan; Midway Island, Pearl Harbor, Kwajalein, Marshall Islands; Kodiak, Alaska; Saipan, Marianas Islands, Kaneohe Bay, Oahu, T. H.; Barber's Point, T. H.; Johnston Island, T. H.; Subic Bay, P. I.; Tutuila, American Samoa; and Tsing-tao, China.

END

Sikorsky's brainchild brings a new
phase to the Marine Corps' aviation program

Flying Eggbeaters



PHOTOS BY LOUIS LOWERY
Leatherneck Photographic Director



BY MICHAEL GOULD

"I am a grain of sand in an oyster,
and around this grain of sand
a pearl, known as the helicopter,
has been developed"—Igor
Ivan Sikorsky, the father of the modern
helicopter, spoke these words at a
meeting of the National Aeronautic
Association in 1943 at the Washington
National Airport.

That pearl, nurtured by Sikorsky, has become literally a perfectly matched set, of growing value to both American military and civil aviation. The obvious possibilities of this aircraft have already shown that when utilized in certain work it is superior to many vehicles, of the ground, sea, and air.

Air-sea rescue, a natural application

of the helicopter's advantages, is the field in which most action has taken place in military use. The 'copter has beaten all previous methods of high tension wire and oil pipe line patrolling. An air charter service, the "HAT"—Helicopter Air Transport—is a solvent business, despite all predictions that high initial expenses, tremendous overhead and small payloads

FLYING EGGBEATERS (cont.)



Helicopters under test for adaptability to military operations cause traffic problems at Quantico's Air Station. HO-35-1s

approach the landing strip; then fly directly to their take-off sites, hover and land vertically in front of the HMX-1 hangar

would make success impossible. A list which included all of the helicopter's diverse uses would be very long, and it is growing every day.

Each of the armed forces have helicopter units which are detailed primarily to experiment and research. All are working in conjunction on certain phases of the experiments. The Marine Corps has been assigned the task of finding exactly how the "flying egg-beater" will fit into amphibious warfare. Although the Navy is handling all the research concerned with making major modifications on various helicopters for maritime and Marine Corps use, a lot is left for the Corps to accomplish.

HMX-1, the Marine Corps' first, and at least for the present, only "windmill" squadron was commissioned on 1 December, 1947. At that time, Colonel E. C. Dyer, commanding officer of the unit, was THE squadron. He opened shop with no officers, no en-

listed men and no aircraft. And evidently nothing pressing to do.

Col. Dyer interviewed applicants selected from the entire Marine Corps before selecting the 16 pilots and the small number of groundcrews and administrative personnel who currently make up HMX-1. Every man chosen was a volunteer and since the squadron is fundamentally an experiment, ingenuity, imagination or at least better than average aptitude and intelligence was required before an applicant was considered eligible.

The selected personnel were transferred to the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, N. J., site of Navy's helicopter school. After six weeks of intensive training, the men joined Col. Dyer at the Marine Corps Air Station, Quantico, Va.

The first two Marine helicopters, Sikorsky HO-35-1s, powered by 450 horsepower Pratt and Whitney engines, arrived at Quantico on 9 February, 1948.

The HO-35-1s carry a pilot and three passengers, with a maximum load of 800 pounds. A three-bladed rotor, which is actually three, long and narrow wings, lifts the craft in flight. A small anti-torque propeller mounted on a tail-boom extending to the rear offsets the forces exerted by the main rotor, keeping the helicopter headed in the desired direction.

Three more HO-35-1s were added to the squadron and a heavy schedule of experiments, set forth by Headquarters Marine Corps, was started. After periods of testing, confidential reports of the projects under study are submitted to Washington. All of HMX-1's activities are not classified, however.

Before a project begins, a conference is held to select one of the pilots to do the job. Since almost every project involves a new technique and there is no precedent, the personal experience of the pilot is not likely to add much to his ability to succeed in the assign-



The glass nose offers the helicopter pilot a clear view of the earth below

ment. Nevertheless, every possible advantage is exploited.

The project is composed of a series of tests. Each flight the pilot makes is considered an individual test, a phase of the overall task.

Most of the experiments are concerned with adapting the helicopter to use with the ground forces, therefore, devices, such as wire-layers, are designed to use any and all material that would normally be available in the ground unit to which the 'copter might be attached. This, of course, would ease the logistics problem, making the transportation of additional, special gear unnecessary.

A standard accessory of the HO-35-1 has occasionally been found unsuited

by the pilots for particular uses. Special devices to replace those parts have been invented and built by members of the squadron.

While First Lieutenant Roy L. Anderson, and Captain R. A. Streiby, HMX-1's intelligence officer, were at the Lakehurst helicopter school, they were co-inventors of a self-unloading cargo hook. The standard cargo hook, after the load has been lowered on a cable to the deck, must be disengaged manually from its burden before it can be reeled back to the hovering "eggbeater." The Anderson-Streiby hook has a spring attachment on the curved jaw. When the cargo touches the ground and releases the weight on the jaw, the line securing the load is flipped out automatically. No one on the ground has to touch it. A great deal of time is saved and the pilot is not obliged to hover the aircraft for tedious periods.

Lieut. Anderson also invented a combination cargo and litter platform. His simple device consists of several square yards of aircraft linen, of the type used on fabric-covered planes, and a few lightweight duraluminum tubes. The collapsible container folds and fits into the cockpit of the helicopter when not in use. Its shape and size would allow a wounded man to be swung aboard the craft in flight and taken directly into the cabin.

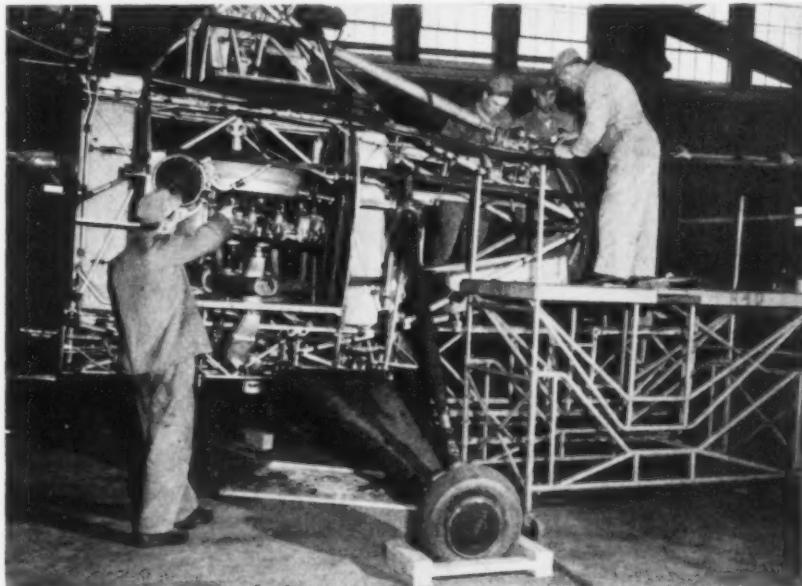
A wire-laying reel, which can be utilized with any type communication wire stocked by Marine ground units, was designed by First Lieutenant Gene Morrison. The reel, as well as the rest

of the inventions of squadron personnel, is not yet approved by Headquarters. Any new device or technique developed is purely experimental. In some cases, such as the cargo hook, more than one is manufactured, but the parts are not considered standard equipment.

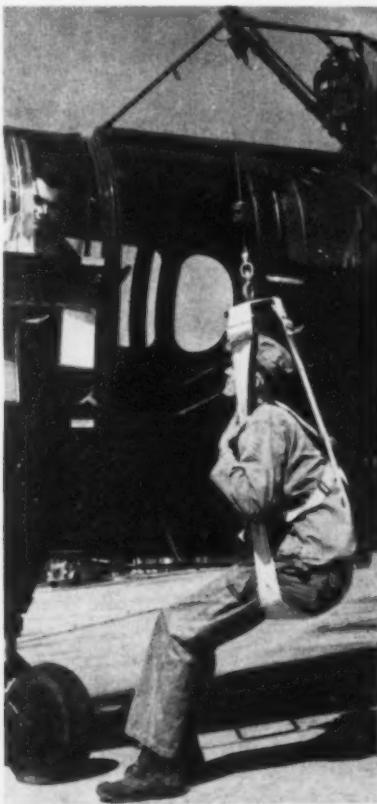
The Quantico Air Station was forced to work out a special traffic system which makes allowances for the slower speeds of the helicopter, its phenomenal maneuverability, and the type of work it is doing.

Instead of landing on the runway in use, as the conventional aircraft must do, the helicopters make a regular approach to the landing strip, then break out of the normal pattern and fly directly to their take-off sites, located in front of HMX-1's hangar. On arrival they hover a few feet above the deck and settle vertically.

Testing hops are often conducted right on the wide asphalt aprons which surround the runways. The pilots must keep a constant eye on the control tower on these occasions. If another aircraft wishes to use the runway, a red light is flashed from the tower, telling the 'copter pilot to land immediately. As soon as the other plane



Expert mechanics from HMX-1, who have been especially trained for the HO-35-1, give this motor a complete overhaul job in the hangar at Quantico's Air Station



The combination cargo and litter hoist is used mainly for air-sea rescue work



by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

WHEN men from the Seventh Marines piled into 11 huge C-54 cargo planes parked on the Camp Pendleton airstrip, one early Spring morning, they were probably too sleepy to realize they were making Marine Corps history. The battalion was about to embark on the first completely airborne expeditionary operation ever attempted by the Corps.

In taking to planes instead of boarding their traditional landing craft, the Camp Pendleton Marines were executing a problem they might sometime

be called upon to face in actuality. This time, instead of being employed in some offensive assault, the Marines were to undertake a strictly defensive mission.

According to the problem worked out by the First Division's Plans and Training staff, war had just been declared, and the troops on Camp Pendleton "Island" were in dire need of reinforcements. Enemy submarines had already been sighted off the shore, and under cover of darkness, a small reconnaissance platoon had forced a landing. This was the advanced echelon of a reinforced infantry battalion expected to follow up the landings within 120 hours. The position of the be-

leaguered forces was grave as it was impossible to get reinforcements in by sea in time to save the island.

It was almost like Wake Island, but this time the enemy was on paper.

The Seventh Marines were supposedly based at El Toro 1500 miles away on the United States' mainland. Committed to reinforce the island garrison in the shortest possible time, almost 1000 men had to be transferred there by plane. The troops were to be ready for a scrap immediately upon debarkation.

Full battle equipment was loaded on the planes including howitzers, motor vehicles, rations, water, ammunition—everything needed by the battalion

during its defense of the island. The loading and unloading had to be carried out with split second timing so that the planes could take off on schedule. It was not only an entirely new experience for the troops, but for the El Toro pilots and crewmen as well. This was the first time they had ever worked in conjunction with ground forces in this type of air lift operation.

Although the problem called for the Seventh to be based at El Toro, that phase was simulated, and the loading of troops and equipment actually took place on the Pendleton air strip. At exactly 0730 the first "troop plane" taxied off the field and headed for El Toro. It was followed in 45 second intervals by the remainder of the planes. One-half hour later all of them landed at El Toro and shortly afterward started the return flight for Pendleton via Long Beach and Catalina island off the California coastline. By 0930 the second echelon of Marines were ready to start loading their gear and shoved off on a similar trip. All told, four shuttles were made on the two day maneuver.

The writer had a ride on a plane carrying men from Baker Company—part of the initial group of troops participating in the exercise. The fact that it was the first time in the air for some of the men, and the first time any of them had ever taken part in an airborne expedition, was certainly not obvious. Out of the sack since 0230 in preparation for the lift, many of them removed their steel helmets, pulled their dungaree caps over their

Beach-busting Marines of the

Seventh Regiment take to the air for a recent West Coast maneuver



MajGen. Erskine confers with LieutCol. L. F. Robertshaw, CO, transport group, and Col. A. Bryan Lasswell, CO, Seventh Marines, before the air lift begins



"Mae West" life jackets and parachute harnesses snowed many Marines who were unaccustomed to this strange gear



A full supply of combat gear was loaded aboard, prior to embarking—by men who had learned routine on mock-ups

AIR LIFT (cont.)

eyes and dozed throughout the journey. One young PFC spent the whole trip with his eyes glued to a comic book, never looking up even when we landed at El Toro.

Others gazed out the windows trying to pick out familiar landmarks as we flew over Newport Beach and Santa Ana before landing. One oldtimer, after glancing down at the ground a few thousand feet below, commented, "We oughta be drawing flight skins for this deal." Another Marine asked if we were going to land in L.A. Seemed he had a girl friend there he'd "like to surprise."

From their remarks, you'd have thought most hands were ex-paratroopers with thousands of hours in the air.

First Division officers, however, are still laughing about a young lieutenant who bought an insurance policy and made out his will before leaving. This may be the air age, but your average foot soldier feels a lot more secure when he has both feet firmly planted on terra firma. Ask any of the men who made this maneuver!

Interest perked up considerably on our return trip when everyone was given a chance to visit the cockpit. This gave the "gravel crunchers" an opportunity to see how the "airdales" operated. There was a note of respect in the mens' conversation upon returning to their seats, with much comment about "that instrument board."

Even a crusty old gunnery sergeant mumbled something about a "tough job to keep one of these babies in the air."

That's what Major General Graves B. Erskine, commanding general of the First Division, meant when he stated that the problem "was designed to bring infantry and air Marines into close contact for a better realization of problems of this type."

After the air-lift phase was completed, the remainder of the show was purely routine. Equipment was speedily unloaded. Then the various platoons formed on the strip and began the long march to the beach where they deployed into their defensive positions ready to repel the "impending attack by the enemy."

The officers of the division expressed satisfaction with the manner in which the pioneer venture was executed. They pointed out that interest was keen and the morale of the troops high throughout the entire training period which began early in March. "The problem was a complete success," said Colonel Alva B. Lasswell, commanding officer of the Seventh Marines. "It proves to us that we shall be in a position to do as much as is possible to ward off an

invasion of our coastal defenses in the event of war."

When Major Stanley J. Nelson and his S-3 staff began plans for the operation last February they were confronted with something new as far as their Marine Corps experience went. Before the war, the Corps had engaged in a few minor air-lifts, but the numbers involved were small and no equipment was taken except what each individual carried himself. The logistical problem was also entirely different from that of any amphibious expedition. Loading a ship and loading a plane are widely separated tasks.

THE men were assigned planes according to a priority system. After that was accomplished, the S-3 staff had to determine what gear and weapons the men in each plane needed. To make the problem even more complicated, each plane load of troops had to be a complete tactical unit within itself. In one transport there might be a mortar section, a machine gun squad, a few riflemen and medical personnel. Thus, if one of the transports was lost, all of certain key personnel or equipment wouldn't be missing when the chips were down. In an operation like this it would have been extremely foolhardy to load all important eggs in one crate.

Stowing the equipment in each plane involved a complex mathematical problem. It was necessary to place the gear in the plane's compartments so that

the transport was in complete balance. Adjustments had to be made if the transport was nose heavy or tail heavy. All this was worked out on a "Load Adjustor," an instrument similar to a slide rule. The pay load in every case could not exceed 9000 pounds which included the weight of the passengers.

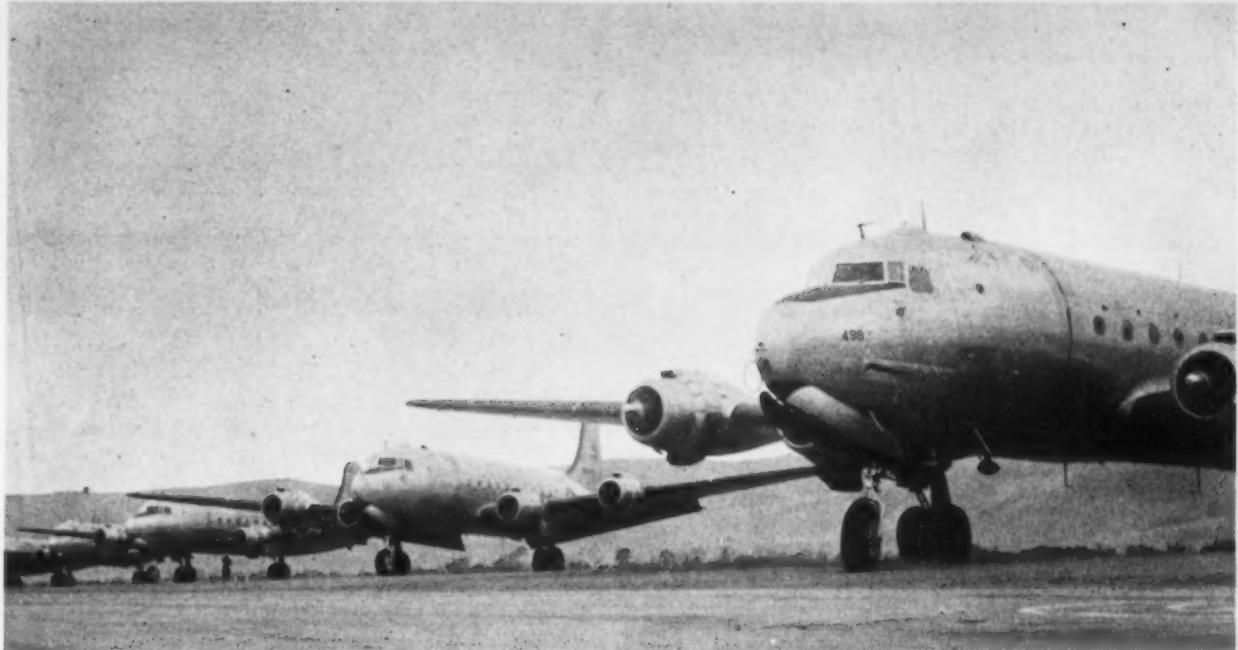
As a safety precaution, ammunition and gasoline could not be stowed in the same compartment. This was another factor that the planning staff had to take into consideration in working out the expedition's logistics. Jeeps could carry only half of a tank of gas, and their batteries had to be disconnected after they were run aboard. Nor was it possible for the battalion to take along its big guns—the 105 batteries. The howitzers could fit aboard all right, but the prime mover for this weapon could not be carried in the R5Ds. Outmoded 75 pack howitzers were substituted in their place. This maze of details had to be worked out first before the exercise could get underway.

Major Nelson later remarked, "The paper work almost snowed us under."

The biggest difficulty the staff encountered was in getting equipment and supplies crated in the lightest possible containers with the least effect on the payload. Variations in weight caused by some last minute loading changes might have proved serious, and some rapid calculations and adjustments were necessary to guarantee the necessary balance. Each pilot checked his



As soon as each plane was landed and parked, Marines brought up the ramps and began unloading. Everything was carried out on a split-second schedule



Eleven RSD transport planes from MCAS, El Toro, line up on the airstrip at Camp Pendleton to load the men and

equipment of the Seventh Marines. Usually these planes shuttle supplies between the mainland and Pearl Harbor

own load before taking off and all seemed pleased with the results. At least none of them objected to taking their planes off the field.

In the preliminary training period the troops had received lectures on flight discipline. They had learned how to strap on their "Mae Wests" and what

to do in case of a forced landing in the Pacific. To teach the men how to lash down their equipment, a mock plane had been built out of wood. In size, it was an exact duplicate of the inside of one of the "troop planes." Every unit had been given an additional half-day lesson in loading a C-54

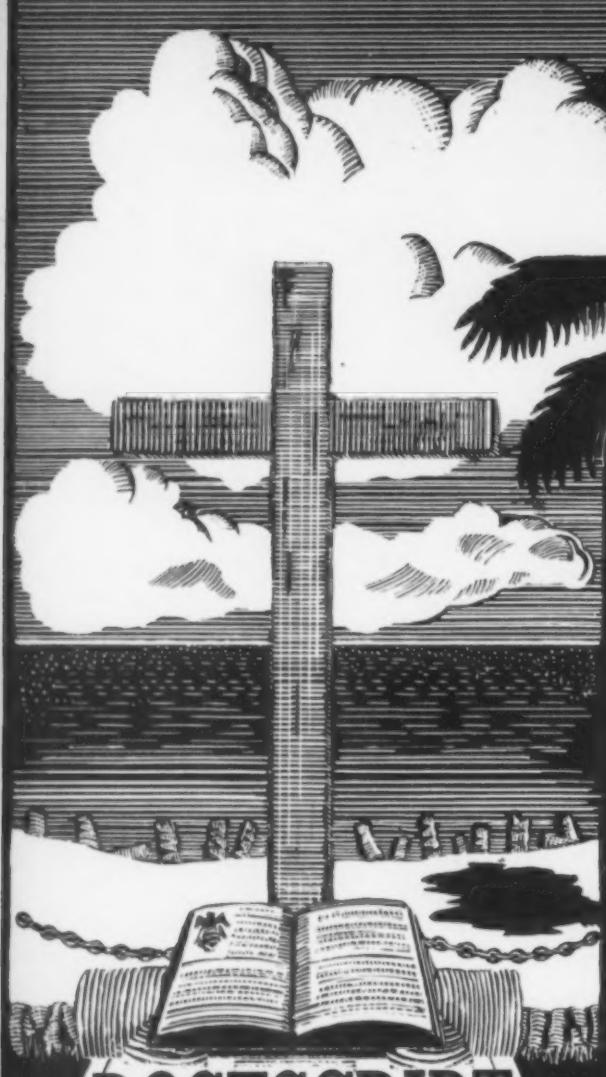
before the maneuver took place. Constant practice ironed out the wrinkles, and the business-like manner with which the men operated gave an observer the feeling that these Marines were as much at home in a C-54's compartment as they were in a Higgins boat or an amphibious tractor. END



Complete battle equipment was carried in all transports, and orders required it to be unloaded in one-half hour



Complete balance had to be maintained in the loading of planes. This involved complex mathematical calculations



POSTSCRIPT TO *Tarawa*

by Robert Sherrod



MRS. ALISON COWART AND DAUGHTER

The Marine father was in the first wave at bloody Tarawa



SHORTLY after nine o'clock on the morning of November 20, 1943, a Japanese bullet claimed the life of Private William Franklin Cowart in his amphibtrack as it hit the beach with the first wave on Tarawa atoll. When I, a war correspondent, got ashore I noted Cowart's name; he was the first dead American I saw on the wavering, uncertain Tarawa beachhead. Somebody said he had married a girl in Wellington, and I made a mental note to find out, some day, what had happened to his widow.

"Bunk" Cowart was the son of an Alabama farmer. Until 1942 he had worked in a textile mill at Columbus, Miss. That year he joined the U. S. Marine Corps and after boot training he was shipped across the Pacific to New Zealand. On the way he wondered how he could talk to the natives, because he only spoke English.

After eight months in New Zealand (where the only language difficulty lay in his deep southern accent) Pvt. Cowart sailed away. By this time he had been trained as an amphibious tractor driver, an assignment that proved to be fatal.

Although he never knew it, Pvt. Cowart did not die without issue. Pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired Lesley Alison Cowart bore him a pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired little girl eight months after he sailed on his last voyage. Recently I called on Cowart's widow and daughter to see how they were getting along.

Lesley and her three-year-old daughter Ilona live with Lesley's mother, Mrs. Muriel Biggs, in a small frame house on Rue Street in Johnsonville, a Wellington suburb. Mr. Biggs died last year before he could finish the house, and since there is a New Zealand labor shortage the women sometimes despair of ever having a complete dwelling.

Each day Lesley Cowart leaves little Ilona with her mother and goes to work in the Johnsonville office of the state-owned railway. Her salary is only about \$16 a week, but she receives \$79 monthly pension from the U. S. Government which is tax free (as ordinary income it would be taxed about \$10). Mrs. Cowart's income is quite adequate for New Zealand, where butter, for example, costs 25 cents a pound.

The young widow told me something of her romance with Bunk Cowart. "I met him one day right in the middle of Willis Street. Bunk was standing on the corner with his friend Tex when I passed with a stout girl friend who later married a Marine herself and now lives in Payne, Ohio. Bunk pointed to me and said, 'That's my girl,' and Tex said, 'I always get the big ones.' We told the two of them that we had to hurry home and get tea for our husbands, but they didn't believe we were married and we all went out together. Well, I saw a lot of Bunk after that and we fell in love and got married."

Somehow I could not bring myself to tell Lesley Cowart that I had seen

ROBERT SHERROD



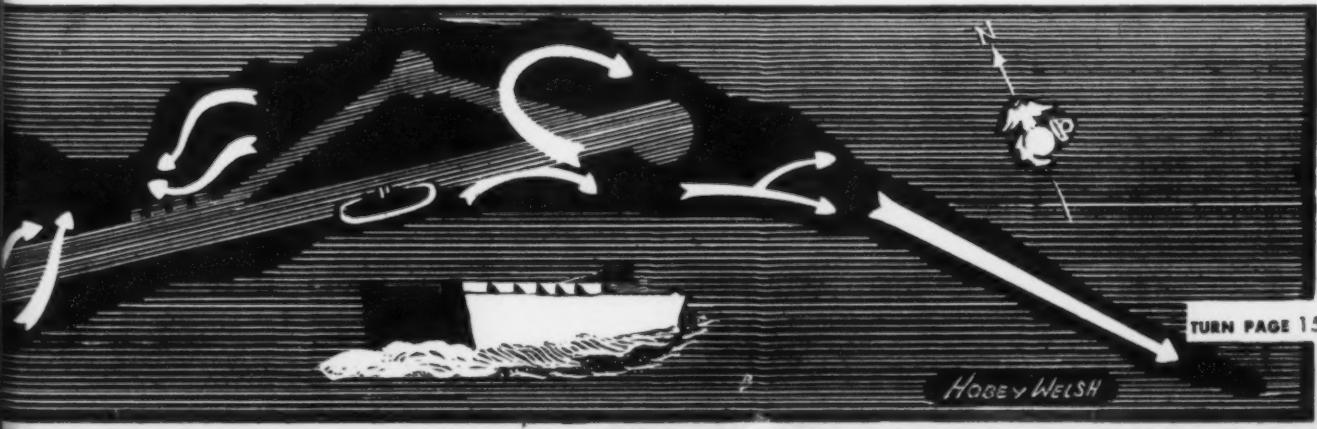
As a war correspondent for *Time* magazine, Mr. Sherrod covered the Tarawa, Saipan, Iwo Jima and Okinawa campaigns. His books,

"Tarawa: Story of a Battle" and "On to Westward," together with his dramatic dispatches in the news magazine, were among the greatest individual contributions to the public understanding of the Marines' role in World War II. At the present time he is preparing a history of Marine Corps aviation.



her husband once, but never when he was alive. When she had left the room I managed to tell her mother, and I mumbled something about the bravery of the men at Tarawa under the most adverse conditions. I said it was obvious that her son-in-law had served well in his mission. He had laid down his life only after he had managed to get his boatload of men ashore through the withering fire from the Japanese machine guns and anti-boat guns. Every man counted in those early, desperate hours and one boatload of men might have meant the difference between holding and losing our line at the eastern end of the beachhead.

MRS. Biggs obviously had been fond of her American son-in-law. Her eyes welled with tears when she said: "His death was a heavy loss to us all. But I am glad to hear about him. We didn't receive notice that he was dead until two months later. And not long ago the government wrote that there is no record of his grave. We never were certain which day he was killed on, although the chaplain and Lieutenant Bateman wrote us nice



POSTSCRIPT TO (cont.)



letters, and Mrs. Angell of the American Red Cross was wonderful to the widows about filling out all the papers.

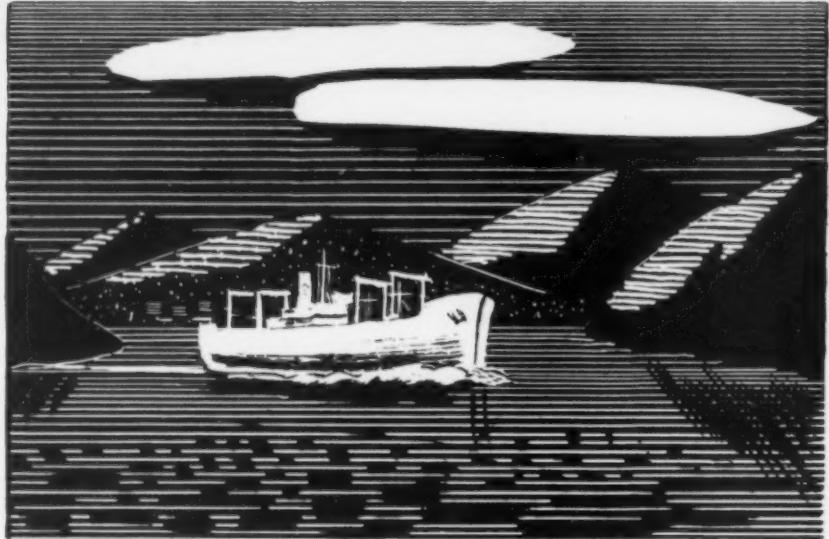
"You know," she continued, "Bunk had a feeling he was going into something serious. That's what he told my husband. He was among 24 picked from one of the camps to drive amphibious tractors, and they spent a lot of time on maneuvers those last few weeks. He never told us he was leaving, but one day he didn't come back from maneuvers and we knew he had gone. I never quite realized how terrible it was until I saw the Tarawa movie. I sat through it but Lesley had to get up and leave."

Mrs. Biggs paused. "We liked the Marines in Wellington," she said simply, "those lads found a place in our hearts."

The Second Division was in Wellington between Guadalcanal and Tarawa, training and recuperating from malaria. It had many friends—and few enemies. This was the time of war when the danger of defeat was ended, but obviously the road to Tokyo would be long and painful. Wellington opened its heart. One Marine recalled in a letter recently: "The New Zealanders took us into their houses and learned our slang. New Zealand's wooded hills reminded many of us of home, though we were 10,000 miles away. It probably is raining now in Wellington. Certainly the wind is blowing. But it would be nice to be walking into the Red Cross Club." On Saturday nights the Marines took over the Majestic Cabaret, the girls came in their long dresses and fabulous mustachioed Major Jim Crowe sang his songs.

No exact figures are available but it seems likely that about 400 of the 2000 marriages by Americans in New Zealand were by the Second Division in Wellington; about 100 more fiancees have sailed to be married in the U. S. since the war ended. About 20 of these Second Division marriages have ended in divorce, 20 more in desertions, and about 30 New Zealand girls became Second Division widows. It was said after Tarawa that Wellington had a bigger next-of-kin casualty list than New York or Chicago.

Sixteen widows remain, like Lesley Cowart, in New Zealand. Half of these have remarried—the widow of Richard Francis Brayton, mother of his three-year-old son Kit whom he never saw,



took a new husband a few months ago. Others like Zoe Quinn, whose husband, First Sergeant David Harvey Quinn of Temple, N. H., was killed at Tarawa, have no present intention of remarrying. Edna Duff McKibben recently returned to Wellington after a visit to her late husband's parents in Lance Creek, Wyoming, and several others, have made similar pilgrimages to their in-laws' homes.

The Second Division left Wellington 20 days before it landed on Tarawa, carrying a Wellington duck named Siwash as mascot. At Efate in the New Hebrides the division carried out one final rehearsal with the new amphibious tractors. The battleships and cruisers from Pearl Harbor joined up with the troop transports there.

NEWS of the Tarawa landing came slowly to the Wellington papers. Three days after the landing there was only a notation that "resistance is strong on Tarawa." By the time this news came, the battle actually had ended. Eight days after the landing the Second Division had been identified, and a correspondent wrote that "the stiffest price in human life per yard exacted in the history of the U. S. Marine Corps was paid for Tarawa." It was then that Wellington realized with a shock what had happened to its friends who embarked a few days before.

The American Legation was hopelessly flooded with calls from anxious wives and fiancees (it was said that half the division had managed to get itself engaged before leaving Wellington). Many weeks later the legation received from Washington the casualty list containing the names of Tarawa's 1000 dead. This list was published in the Wellington *Evening Post* under the

"Roll of Honour" headline usually reserved for New Zealand's own heroes. Military historians will have to dig deep to find another similar salute to foreign troops in any country.

There are not many Americans in Wellington since the war ended. The F. D. Roosevelt Post No. 1 of the American Legion has only 17 members. The Majestic Cabaret is dull with subdued voices of reserved New Zealanders. Wellington girls no longer smarten up on Saturday evenings. The gold rush business in flower shops has ended and the florists have either closed their doors or lapsed into their prewar doldrums.

But the Americans have not been forgotten. Each anniversary of the Tarawa battle brings a flood of "In Memoriam" notices to the columns of the *Evening Post*, like the one that is signed simply "Mary;" "Few, George W., USMC: In loving memory of George, killed in action, Tarawa, 1943. Semper fidelis."

One year after Tarawa there were 80 notices. The number has dwindled since then, but each November there are enough such reminders to indicate that the Tarawa battle is remembered as well in Wellington as it is in the U. S. Most of the In Memoriam notices are signed by widows, in-laws and personal friends of the Americans who died at Tarawa—"Inserted by the Kelly family and Effie Fear," or "A tribute to our gallant Marine friends. Inserted by Norma, Lola and Marcelle." Others are addressed to nobody in particular. One such tribute is faithfully reprinted each November by "Red" and says:

"United States Marine Corps: To the undying memory of the men of the Second Division who fell at Tarawa, Nov. 20, 1943. In silence we will remember them." **END**

SEVEN ELEVENS

by Spencer D. Gartz
Leatherneck Staff Writer



EVERY one who has had his good ear glued to the grapevine scuttlebutt during the past several months believes that the Devil Dogs of Quantico are going to be hard put to retain the All-Navy pigskin bunting which they won at the expense of Alameda in Balboa Stadium last December.

Two clubs on the West coast, Marine Corps Recruit Depot, at San Diego and Camp Pendleton, seem to think they're going to grab the brass-ring after, of course, winning the West Coast title, which will entitle them to a crack at the jack-pot.

Out in that same neck of the woods there is also El Toro to be considered. Strangely silent in their pre-season publicity, they cannot be considered out of it. Whenever an outfit fails to talk about its team, it means

one of two things. Either it doesn't have anything to offer, or it will be coming up with a sleeper powerhouse. We know that El Toro is going to field a team, therefore it may have something to serve up. We hope it comes up with something good, for as long as there's going to be a good scrap for the honors, it may as well be a Pier 6 brawl.

Over on the Eastern seaboard there will be four Marine elevens trying to scoop the line that leads to the banquet table. Quantico, of course, is the defending champion and the team to watch, at least until the season is well underway and wind directions are definite.

Next in line, and bound to be a low-priced favorite on the morning line, is Camp Lejeune. Playing their first full season schedule in All-Navy competition, they will draw from the Barracks and the Second Division.

SEVEN ELEVENS (cont.)

Wayne "Sock" Ubben, hard driving back, will spearhead Pendleton's attack



Rifleman behind Lejeune's bullet
passes is Claude "Pinkie" Hipps

The Corps looks forward to its
greatest season with seven big teams

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

They are bound to come up with something that will make the opposition know they were in a ball game. Next in line is Parris Island with a pretty fair turn out during Spring and Summer practice. Lastly, there are the Flyers out of Cherry Point.

That makes a total of seven Marine elevens, and with that lucky combination of numbers the Corps should have a very good chance of coming up with a finalist for All-Navy honors. With a break, as in basketball last year, it could be an all-Marine play-off.

The watchword of three of the Eastern teams is, "BEAT QUANTICO." On the western shores the word is almost the same; "Beat all the Navy clubs so we can get a crack at Quantico." All in all this makes for a bang-up coming season. We don't care much who wins, just so there's one or possibly two Marine clubs in the pay-off play-offs.

Taking the teams individually, we'll start with the defending champs. Although new faces will predominate on the Quantico squad this fall there will be enough old hands back in uniform to swing some of the unbiased observers toward thinking they'll again be the team to beat for the title.

The biggest change came in Spring practice when the Special Services office announced that Major Harold Harwood would replace Lieutenant Colonel Marvin Stewart as head coach. Harwood, who played center on the Navy teams of '38 through '40, and now a naval aviator attached to the air station, arrived in time for the first workout. He came from the Naval Academy, where he was assistant line coach under Tom Hamilton.

Due to the usual change of duty stations, Quantico lost the two assistant coaches who helped guide the Devil Dogs to the championships. Quantico will miss Buck Wertman and Bill Sigler, especially from the spotter's perch in the press coop.

The present coach elected to lift two members of the squad to the positions of assistant coaches. They are Captain Joe Donahoe, last year's outstanding guard, and Captain Charlie Walker, a former end. Donahoe will handle the line with Walker working on the wing-men. There will be plenty of returning opposition who will be most happy to see Donahoe sitting on the bench instead of growling at them from across the line.

Despite popular belief in Navy football circles and regardless of the fact that the present squad will be bolstered by four new arrivals from last year's Naval Academy, the majority of aspirants for the '48 squad are enlisted men.

Pharmacist Mate Glenn H. "Doc" Barrington, *Leatherneck's* All-Marine fullback for 1947 will be missing from the squad this year. "Doc" really came into his own in the Jacksonville semi-final and Alameda championship games in late '47 . . . and seemingly will be a difficult man to replace. Doc decided to accept a discharge, after five and a half years of service, when he was offered a contract to play pro ball with the Washington Redskins.

TSgt. Hal McKenna, who alternated with "Doc" last year, has first call on the fullback job at this writing.

Camp Pendleton's outstanding end on last year's eleven, and a member of the 1947 All-Marine team, Ray Pfeifer, will be working out with the ends along with PFC H. J. Krug, formerly of Camp Lejeune.

From the Academy, Quantico will field three backs and one end. Dick Ambrogi and Ben Moore will operate from the scat-back jobs, and Roy Russell, an end and halfback, will be converted to a quarterback. The other member of the quartet, is R. N. Smith, Middie end.



Other members from last year's squad returning are: Joe Bartos, outstanding back, who will don the mole-skins in mid-August with Bill Jesse, center, and Tony Messina, place-kicker deluxe, who will get a chance to do more running this year. He wins the inter-squad footraces with plenty to spare. Rudy Flores, from El Paso, will be back at quarter where he led the air attack last season. Jim Mariades will be back for his third year at guard. Those who saw the Alameda game last year will remember the diminutive guard's bull-like charging; and at end, veteran Ernie Hargett will again hold forth at the pass snagging racket.



Dick Koen booting, and QB Jimmy Ptak holding, make up Lejeune's P-A-T detail



SEVEN ELEVENS (cont.)

Coach Harwood is on record as saying that the prospects for a successful season are still undetermined, but was vigorous in his assertion that Quantico will field a representative team. He thinks his schedule this year will be doubly tough because every other team is setting their sights for the Devil Dogs. There isn't one game on the entire schedule that could be considered a breather. In his opinion, Xavier of Cincinnati, will prove to be the toughest opponent. He stated that this year's team will be large and fast but with the greater percentage of linemen lacking experience.

Quantico opens their eleven game schedule on September 17th and plays right on through without an open date. The schedule is as follows:

Sept. 17th—Camp Lee, home.
 Sept. 25th—Fort Belvoir, home.
 Oct. 2nd—Camp Lejeune, home.
 Oct. 10th—Wayne Univ., home.
 Oct. 16th—Bolling Field, away.
 Oct. 23rd—Fort Benning, away.
 Oct. 30th—Xavier Univ., away.
 Nov. 13th—St. Francis Univ., away.
 Nov. 20th—Parris Island, home.
 Nov. 25th—Bainbridge NTC, away.

Parris Island, under a new coaching staff headed by Lieutenant Colonel Stallings and Lieutenant McMahon, has only a mere hand full of last year's creditable team back. There are many new comers who, Coach Stal-

lings hopes, will fill out the depleted ranks by the time the season is a game or two old.

At last report, all positions, except one or two, were strictly wide open, and a first class dog fight is in order for every job, right down to the first kick-off whistle.

Returning are Russ Picton, last year's ace quarterback, and his understudy Art Husband. Picton is outstanding on defense as well as offense, and was a constant thorn in the side of Quantico in last year's quagmire battle.

"Gunny" Harbin was transferred to Camp Lejeune and will be replaced by Sponcey. It is expected that Mike Dramer and Johnny LeRoy will catch most of the work at the guards.

The tackle positions are strong and from the results of the early season work it looks as if the strength at each spot goes two-deep. Big Bob Keller leads the candidates with Wiles a close second. Prather and Rowe are close up enough to make the first two hustle all year. Keller is a veteran from last year and was selected on a Navy publication's third All-Navy team.

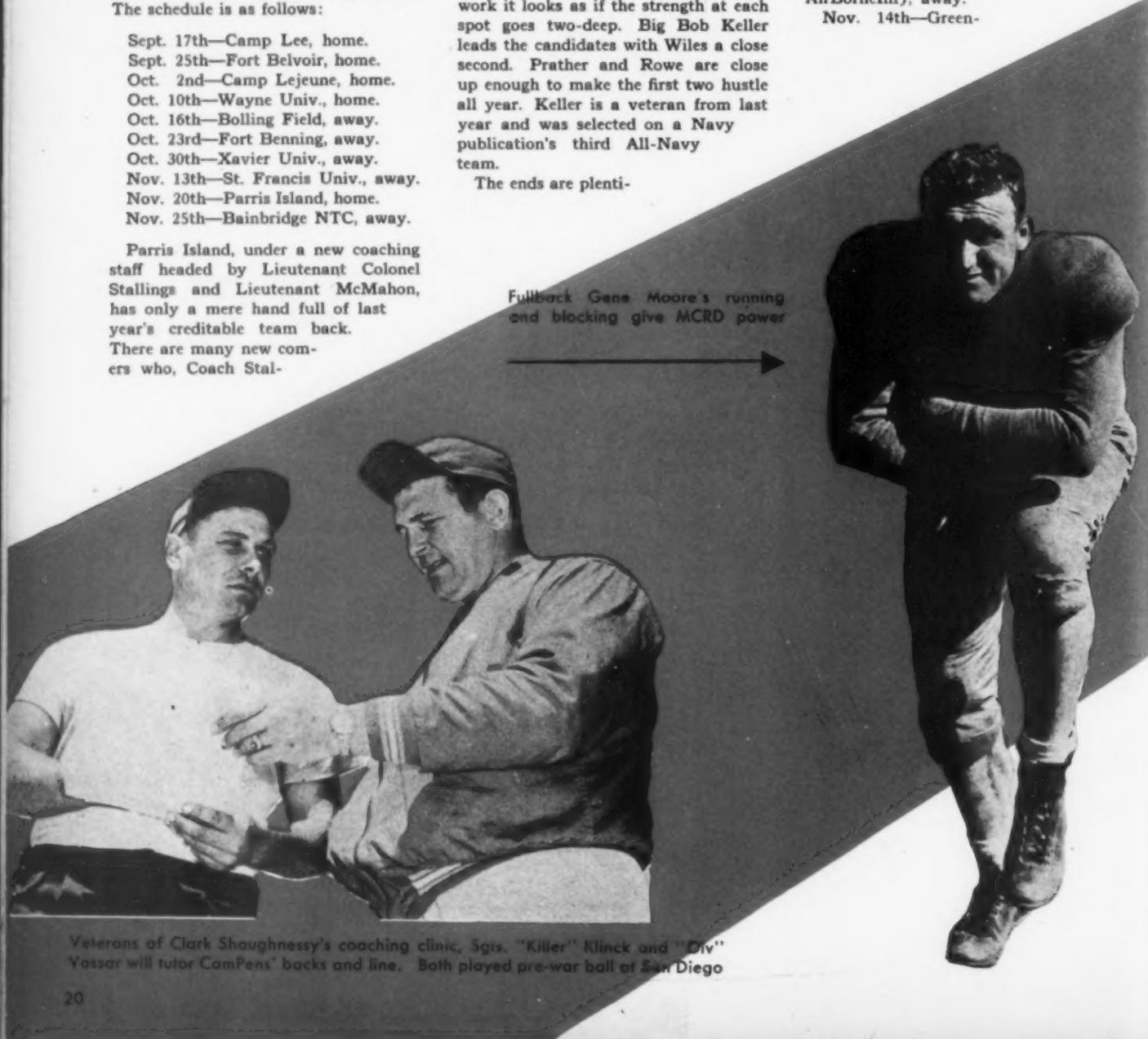
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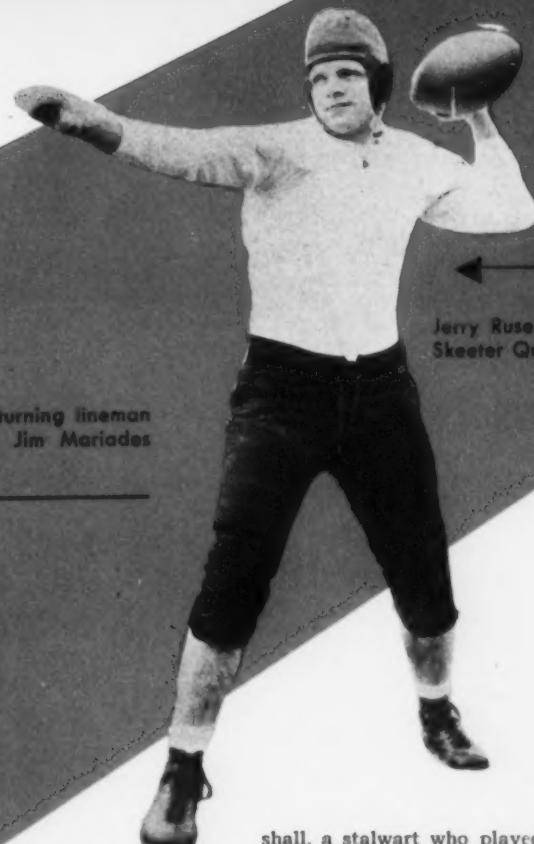
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Camp Lejeune, in the writer's opinion holds the key to the East Coast football situation. It can be the big team, and with the aura of mystery em-



Quantico's lone returning lineman is the little giant, Jim Mariades



Jerry Ruse will help MCRD's Skeeter Quinlan lug the mail

The quarterback job is still wide open with three or four applicants running neck and neck for the job. Jimmy Ptak may have a very slight edge; but PFC Steve Zakula, from Chicago, is an outstanding kicker and may get the number one spot because of his proficiency in that specialty. One of the Hippis brothers, Francis, is another who will share in the duties throughout the year. The other half, Claude Hippis, is a hard-driving halfback and a bear on defense.

Dick Koen has first call at fullback and does most of the place-kicking. Leading the guard candidates is one of Hoopeston, Illinois' favorite sons . . . Corporal Roy Siville. Showing great promise in the pre-season drills, PFC Rollin Park is expected to take a starting assignment at end. He formerly played with West Tech in Cleveland.

There is brute power at the tackle posts with Sergeant Steve Vedeskas and Captain Saddler as mainstays. Lieutenant Stone Quillian, another starting guard played alongside Saddler at Rice Institute. The center post will be operated by Captain Bob Mar-

shall, a stalwart who played collegiate ball at Shurtleff College out in Illinois.

Out on the flank, the most outstanding candidate is former Colgate University's end, Captain Jim A. Gallo. He's had about ten years of organized football including high school, and is at his best on defense. Most fleet halfbacks will tell you there's nothing nastier in existence than a damn good defensive end.

In late Spring, the two squads played a whale of an intra-squad game with only one touchdown separating them at the final gun. Both lines met each other head on, both on offense and defense . . . it was a toss-up as to the better forward wall.

That's all we know about 'em; but emigrants from down in the Carolina country tell us that Coach Missar is all smiles.

At last reports their schedule included Quantico, Parris Island, Cherry Point and the 82nd Air Borne Infantry at Fort Bragg . . . so it looks as if they're taking on all hands.

Cherry Point, with only a minimum of regulars from last year returning to the gridiron wars, and with a new coach, Captain Jack R. Sloan, faces a tremendous task of building a creditable team. Their opening game with East Carolina State Teacher's College, will be played on September 17th. With the opener coming up in just a few weeks Coach Sloan will be applying

enating from that direction, maybe they have something.

We managed to get plenty of pictures of this year's potential stars plus a little information on each one. But try and pin anyone with any authority down for definite facts. It would be easier to get more than an "ugh" out of a Sioux warrior.

We do know, however, that Major J. C. Missar is head coach. He employs his charges in the "T," and variations of the single-wing formations; that he has several fast, shifty backs that can make these complicated systems work is something in itself. Most coaches are well satisfied if they can get one system to work half way decently.

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The quarterback job is still wide open with three or four applicants running neck and neck for the job. Jimmy Ptak may have a very slight edge; but PFC Steve Zukula, from Chicago, is an outstanding kicker and may get the number one spot because of his proficiency in that specialty. One of the Hippis brothers, Francis, is another who will share in the duties throughout the year. The other half, Claude Hippis, is a hard-driving halfback and a bear on defense.

Dick Koen has first call at fullback and does most of the place-kicking. Leading the guard candidates is one of Hoopeston, Illinois' favorite sons . . . Corporal Roy Siville. Showing great promise in the pre-season drills, PFC Rollin Park is expected to take a starting assignment at end. He formerly played with West Tech in Cleveland.

There is brute power at the tackle posts with Sergeant Steve Verdeskas and Captain Saddler as mainstays. Lieutenant Stone Quillian, another starting guard played alongside Saddler at Rice Institute. The center post will be operated by Captain Bob Mar-

shall, a stalwart who played collegiate ball at Shurtleff College out in Illinois.

Out on the flank, the most outstanding candidate is former Colgate University's end, Captain Jim A. Gallo. He's had about ten years of organized football including high school, and is at his best on defense. Most fleet halfbacks will tell you there's nothing nastier in existence than a damn good defensive end.

In late Spring, the two squads played a whale of an intra-squad game with only one touchdown separating them at the final gun. Both lines met each other head on, both on offense and defense . . . it was a tow-up as to the better forward wall.

That's all we know about 'em; but emigrants from down in the Carolina country tell us that Coach Missar is all smiles.

At last reports their schedule included Quantico, Parris Island, Cherry Point and the 82nd Air Borne Infantry at Fort Bragg . . . so it looks as if they're taking on all hands.

Cherry Point, with only a minimum of regulars from last year returning to the gridiron wars, and with a new coach, Captain Jack R. Sloan, faces a tremendous task of building a creditable team. Their opening game with East Carolina State Teacher's College, will be played on September 17th. With the opener coming up in just a few weeks, Coach Sloan will be applying

War goes on

Take heed — "live" battle souvenirs are killing daily

by E. B. Mann

IT'S no secret that war is no longer a respecter of persons—nor is it a respecter of dates. Today, several years after the end of World War II, innocent men, women, and children are being killed in the United States and abroad by war weapons.

September 7, 1947, was an example. On that day, two years and three weeks after VE-Day, 14 new names were added to the list of American war casualties. All 14 were children. Here are the stories:

NEWTON, Kans., Sept. 8 (AP)—An 11-year-old boy was killed instantly and two other children died of injuries received in a bazooka rocket explosion here last night . . . The shell, picked up near Fort Riley, was thought to have been fired. A boy, playing with the shell, dropped it on a cement walk, causing the explosion.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Sept. 8 (AP)—A 37-mm. shell, believed harmless and being used as a plaything, exploded near here yesterday, injuring six children, two of them dangerously. The shell had been used for some time as a doorstop.

This is just one day's toll in the list of casualties caused since the war by war weapons—by "souvenirs." Deaths from such accidents total some 4000 a year, with injuries outnumbering deaths by a score of ten to one! Eighty per cent are children.

Each month shows an increase in the rate of casualties, and the potential is enormous since it is conservatively estimated that the number of dangerous war trophies in American homes today, in the hands of people unaware of their deadliness, reaches into the millions. And, if that estimate seems improbable, con-

sider the fact that one troopship brought back 4500 GIs who had in their luggage, by actual count, 30,000 dangerous war trophies. Consider, too, the veteran who reported, as his individual bag of souvenirs: one flare; one grenade, fragmentation type; one anti-tank mine fuse; two half-pound blocks TNT; 28 Pig Tail firecrackers; 30 firing devices for booby traps; 80 detonators.

In March, 1946, in New York City, seven children were playing with a one-pound fragmentation bomb. They dropped it. Not one of the seven escaped serious injury.

In Newark, New Jersey, in May, 1946, five children found a bazooka rocket. It exploded. All five were hospital cases, several of them crippled for life.

In Jackson Heights, Long Island, a veteran who had escaped injury during the war was badly wounded when a fountain pen, brought home as a souvenir, exploded. It was a booby trap.

In Santa Monica, Calif., two grade-school lads



A popular 9-mm. German Mauser with versatile wooden holster



This efficient killer did heavy duty during the Pacific War, and is now available for inspection in a glass case at Princeton, N. J.

appeared at school proudly carrying at their belts live hand grenades brought home by their brother as souvenirs of the South Pacific. Death took a holiday in this instance. These "Junior Raiders" were disarmed without bloodshed. It might have been different.

Nobody wants to rob the serviceman of his trophies—but live grenades, live bombs, live booby traps—are dangerous mementos in the hands of children, or even in the hands of unwary adults. Each one can be as deadly as a live mamba in a bed! Each one must be defanged if we're to stop this waste of lives, this wave of accidents.

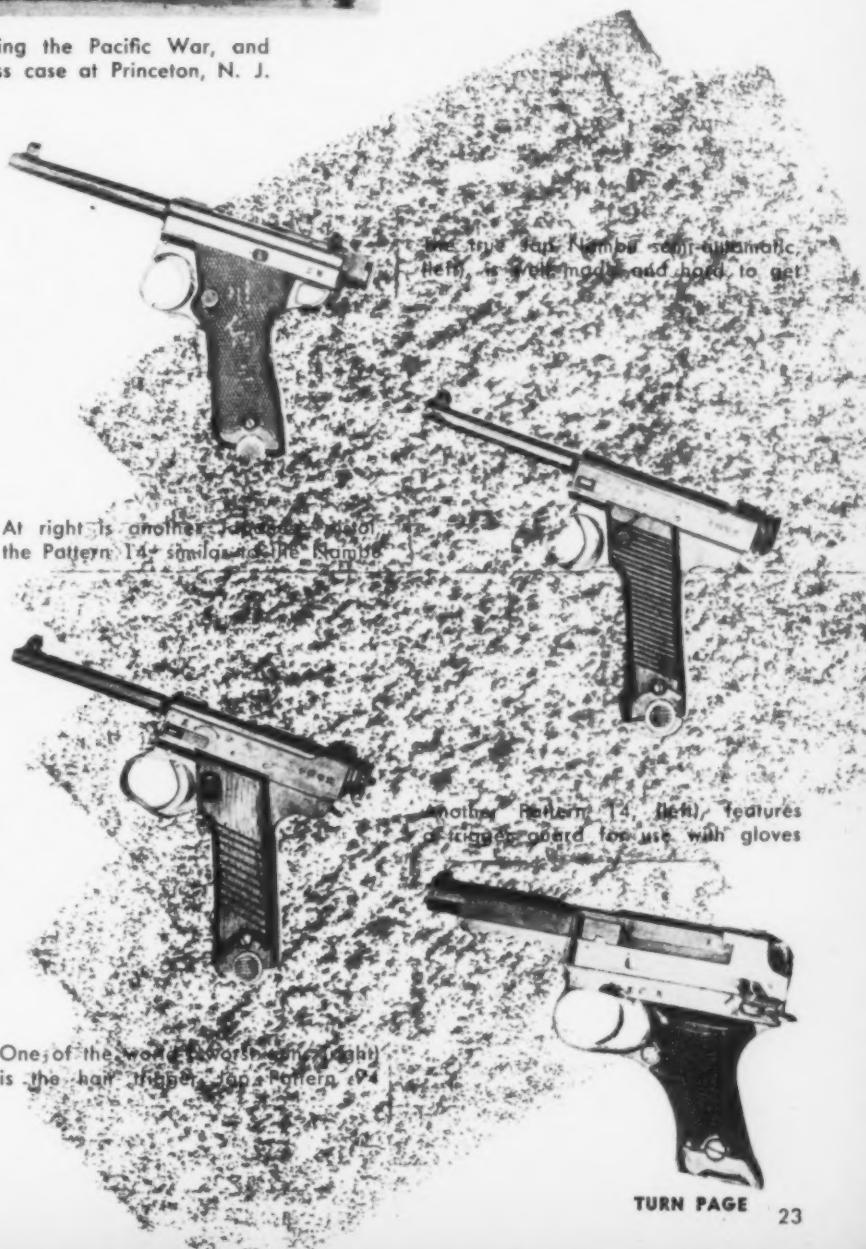
Live ammunition is common "among our souvenirs," and is frequently deadly. The ammunition of World War II was of an infinite variety and much of it, like the mule, was dangerous at both ends. Not only "was," but "is!" The primer (detonating cap) alone in many shells is powerful enough to explode under a relatively light blow. If, when that happens, the powder charge too is still in the shell, the explosion of the cap will set off the powder and, while that explosion won't drive the projectile as it would from a gun, it will rip the shell itself into jagged, mangling, potentially deadly fragments.

It may do more. Entirely aside from the propulsion charges in the shells, many types of ammunition carry *in the projectiles* explosive and/or incendiary charges designed to explode when the projectile strikes. Some were designed to explode on contact with the relatively light "skin" of aircraft. Some are so sensitive that even expert ordnance and bomb disposal technicians refuse to attempt to deactivate them!

E. B. MANN



Mr. Mann of Albuquerque, N. M. (see *Who's Who*) modestly denies that he knows more about firearms than any other living man. But his career as a hunter, competitive marksman, weapons instructor, and specialist in weapons history makes him a leading contender. He was managing editor of *The American Rifleman*—the shooter's bible—and is now guns editor of *Fly and Shell*. A prolific writer, Mr. Mann has long lists of western novels, short fiction and articles to his credit.



The true Japanese semi-automatic, the Type 14, is well made and hard to get.

At right is another Japanese pistol, the Pattern 14, similar to the Namiki.

Another Type 14 (left), features finger guard for use with gloves.

One of the world's worst souvenirs is the half-finished Japanese Pattern 94.

WAR GOES ON (cont.)

Liquid white phosphorus or high explosive inside a thin case of fragmentation metal is gruesomely deadly.

Not all war souvenirs are deadly, of course. Some of the most lethal looking ones aren't; some of the least offensive looking ones are—as witness the booby-trapped fountain pen. The question is, how can you tell?

Because in many cases you can't tell, a nationwide war trophy safety campaign has been launched by the Treasury Department, co-ordinated with the War and Navy Departments and The National Rifle Association, to make available free expert advice and help in determining whether your souvenir is safe or, in making it safe, if it is dangerous. A national committee has been formed and a state committee has been appointed in each state to carry out this program, and these committees are now active. Because the Alcohol Tax Unit has the most complete coverage of any Federal Agency it has been selected to represent the Treasury Department in this work. Each committee therefore is composed of the local Alcohol Tax Unit investigator, a representative of the Army and/or Navy, and a representative of the National Rifle Association.

Suppose you have a war trophy of the explosive type: a grenade, shell, fuse, or just some gadget, potentialities of which you do not know. *DON'T hit it with a hammer to see if it's loaded!* And don't toss it out on some convenient dump or in some vacant lot where someone less smart than you may find and explode it. Call your nearest Alcohol Tax Unit Office. The investigator in charge there, or his representative, will come to your home, examine your trophy and, if it is dangerous or even suspicious, he will

see that it is delivered to an Army or Navy installation equipped to deactivate or destroy it. In most cases, such trophies can be made safe with little or no detriment to their appearance or souvenir value. If this can be done, your souvenir will be returned to you. If not—it's better that it should be destroyed than that it should destroy you!

Top favorites of all war souvenirs were guns—with the result that there are probably more guns, of more different kinds, makes, and degrees of fitness, in America today than in any country, at any time, in the history of the world. That's not necessarily bad—provided they're good guns and provided they're properly handled. But some souvenir guns are illegal to own, some are dangerous to fire—and some are both.

IN spite of widespread rumors (some even from "official" sources), not all souvenir guns are illegal. Only a few are—and most of these are of no possible shooting value to the law-abiding private citizen.

Two kinds of guns require Federal registration. These are:

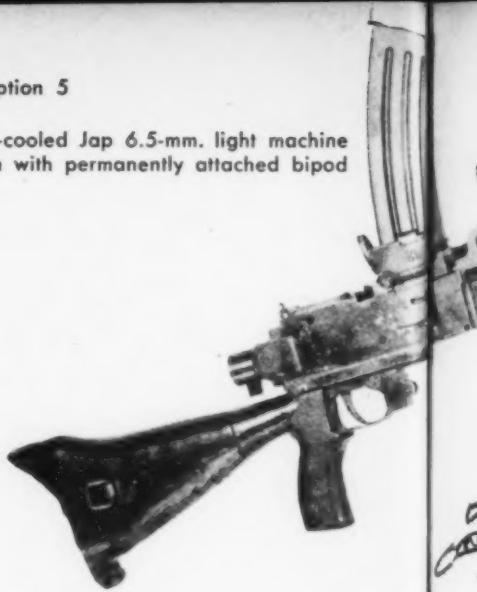
1. FULL-AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. That is, machine gun, submachine guns, etc., which will fire a burst of shots on one prolonged pull of the trigger. (Note that the ordinary "automatic" rifle, pistol, or shotgun, which fire only one shot for each pull of the trigger, do NOT require registration. These are not true automatics; they are semi-automatics or autoloaders.)

2. SHOULDER ARMS (firearms having a fixed or attachable shoulder stock) which have barrels less than 18 inches long. (.22 caliber rifles may have barrels as short as 16 inches.)

Some pistols (notably the Spanish Astra, the Star, and some German

Caption 5

Air-cooled Jap 6.5-mm. light machine gun with permanently attached bipod



makes) have control levers which permit them to be fired either full automatic or semi-automatic. Such guns must be registered. Some pistols have accompanying shoulder stocks in the form of wood or stiff leather holsters which can be attached as stocks. Such guns must be registered or altered so that the shoulder stock cannot be attached.

Failure to register any weapon falling under either of these two categories makes one liable to a fine of not more than \$2,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both. Any such weapon, owned by a veteran as a war souvenir, will be registered without charge by your local Alcohol Tax Unit representative.

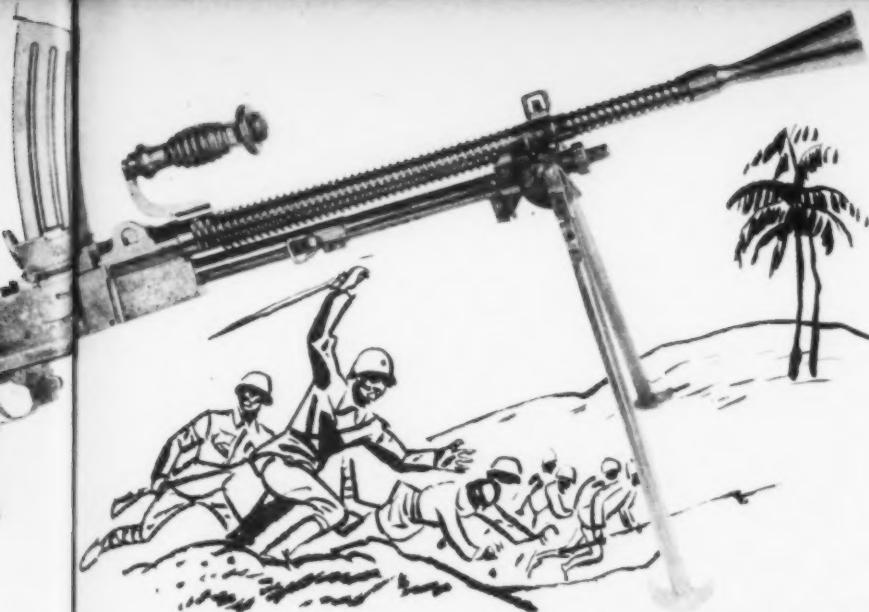
When you submit your full-automatic gun for registration, your Alcohol Tax Unit representative will recommend that you have the weapon deactivated. He will offer to have this done for you free of charge. The law doesn't say that you *must* do this, but—better have it done! Deactivation of such weapons is accomplished by means of internal welding which does not mar the external appearance of the piece or in any way lessen its souvenir value—and that's the only possible legitimate value a weapon of this type could have to any law-abiding citizen. Besides, such guns are dangerous—in two ways.

In North Carolina, a boy, routing through a closet, touched the trigger of a souvenir submachine gun. No one knew the gun was loaded. Bullets ripped through the wall into the next room, killing the boy's grandmother.

An innocent former Marine hung several trophy "tommy guns" on display. They were stolen. They reappeared later as the weapons used in a dozen hold-ups in which two men were



This is the light, dangerous Italian M.P. "Beretta" Cal. 9 machine pistol



killed . . . In Kentucky, a man was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment after confessing that he had made it a business to sell to criminals souvenir submachine weapons stolen from the homes of ex-servicemen . . . Chief of Police Prendergast, in Chicago, says, "At least 2000 submachine guns are arriving in Chicago each month as souvenirs. These weapons, in private homes, are subject to easy theft and deadly use by criminals." . . . Some of these "illegal" weapons have enormous sentimental value for their owners. It is not the intention of anyone concerned to deprive those owners of those trophies. It *IS* the duty of those owners to register such trophies; it is their *privilege*, at no cost, to have the guns made safe against accident and against criminal use.

One other class of firearms deserves mention, and that is the U. S. government-issue rifle, carbine, or pistol "liberated" by returning servicemen for

their civilian use. I don't think Uncle Sam is going to do anything very active about it, but the sad fact is that most such weapons are still government property and subject to confiscation by any military authority who wants to "take steps." So far as I know, no "Garands" (U.S. Rifle .30 M1) have so far been legally released to civilian ownership. A few (about 300) U.S. .30 M1 Carbines have been so released, but the number of carbines actually in civilian hands must total many times 300. If you have one, fine; only—don't use it as a deer rifle! It may have been a fine little weapon against Japs; it definitely is *not* a humane or efficient sporting arm for deer or similar game. As to the Colt .45 pistol, many thousands have been released to civilian ownership over the past 20 or more years. Many others which are in civilian hands are still legally government property. Whichever yours may be is a matter between you and your

conscience, unless some "military authority" claims it and proves that its number is not on the lists of those legally sold. Which isn't too likely to happen.

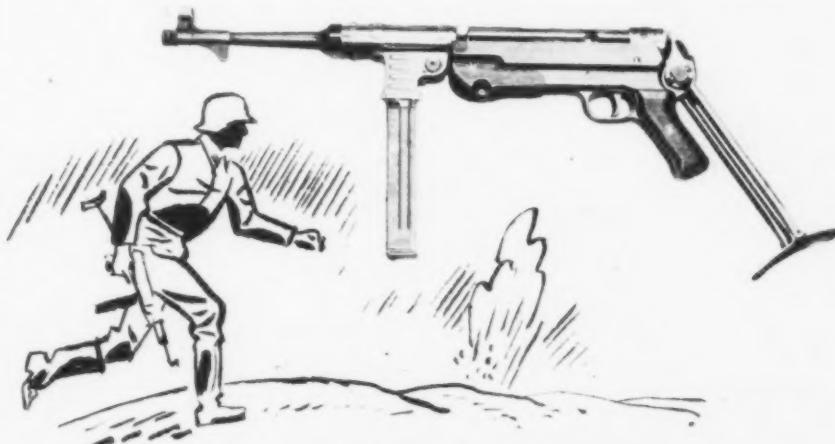
But there's another phase to this War Trophy Safety program; the phase being handled by the National Rifle Association committeemen.

For every explosive-type trophy (grenade, bomb, or what have you), and for every gun requiring Federal registration, being held as a souvenir, there are probably ten thousand souvenir firearms that are entirely legal to own *without* registration and which may or may not be valuable (whether "as is" or by proper conversion) as sporting arms.

In this field the Marines were less lucky than their brothers in the European Theatre because Jap weapons were generally inferior—in design, material, or workmanship—to those brought back from Europe. But former Marines are just as vulnerable as other ex-GIs to postwar souvenir salesmen, so comment is in order.

FIRST, about your own Jap souvenir weapons. Tops among these, and possibly the most argued-about weapon of the war, is the Jap Arisaka rifle: the Model 38 rifle and carbine, both 6.5-mm. (.256 caliber); and the Model 99 rifle, 7.7-mm. (.303 caliber). Given their own ammunition, both were adequate military weapons—as no one knows better than a United States Marine. But you're not going to be able to get Jap military ammunition in this country; there's no American ammunition equivalent to either of the Jap calibers; and the argument is, "Can I (should I) have my Arisaka converted to use American sporting sporting loads and, if so, what loads?" The answer is, "You can, of course." Whether you should or not is too big a question to be answered in this space, but—don't do it until you are sure that you have the answers, *from an expert!* Arisakas vary widely in quality both of material and of workmanship. So do the strengths of American sporting loads! Be sure you're right before you spend money that might better be spent on a new (or used) American-made rifle.

In regard to Jap pistols—the true Nambu semi-automatics are well designed, well made—and rare! This is the model of 1914, made before our war. Many have attachable (leather holster) shoulder stocks which make them subject to registration unless altered. The later "Model 14" Jap pistol, commonly called "Nambu," is similar to the true Nambu in design but is greatly inferior to it in material



A German machine pistol, called "Burp Gun" by GIs because of its fast fire

POSTS OF THE CORPS



Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

CAMP PENDLETON



by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer



TO Marines all over the world, and their wartime buddies long since discharged, two things are associated with Camp Pendleton—training and maneuvers. Mention Aliso Beach, Chappo Flats, Haybarn Road, or Rattlesnake Canyon to any Marine and chances are you'll hear a tale about a landing exercise, a night problem or some battalion maneuver that took place within this huge reservation.

Pendleton was the home of the Fourth and Fifth Divisions before those outfits tangled with the Japs. Thousands of other World War II Marines received their combat ABCs within Pendleton's gates. The fact that these lessons were well learned was proved at Saipan, Iwo Jima, Okinawa

and on other battle grounds where Pendleton-trained Marines fought.

Pendleton is the largest Marine camp in the country. Its 125,000 acres stretch from the city of Oceanside to San Clemente and 20 miles inland to the high mountains of Cleveland National Forest.

It is unsurpassed as a training base. With the exception of swamps and jungles, there are all kinds of terrain in which to condition a Marine for combat. There are flat plains, rolling hills, steep, rocky mountains, rivers, streams, lakes—all suitable for a variety of maneuvers. The year 'round excellent weather would make it possible for the entire Marine Corps of today to be trained here with every type of weapon with which sea soldiers are equipped.

And even more expedient for amphibious training is the fact that Pendleton borders the Pacific. Aliso beach and nearby San Clemente Island are ideal locations for large scale landing operations.

There are few Marines who would ever call Camp Pendleton beautiful. When they crawl on their bellies through the wild oat fields, so prevalent in the camp, or trudge up mountainous trails half choked by dust and weighted down with heavy marching orders, they're not in the mood to appreciate the grandeur of nature. A high mountain or a winding canyon that would delight a tourist means only aching muscles and blistered feet for Pendleton-stationed Marines.

And yet there is some magnificent scenery within the borders of the reservation especially out Baseline Road along the artillery ranges. Except for a few abandoned tent camps, this portion of the Base shows little evidence of modern civilization. Even the Spaniards who christened the area Santa Margarita way back in 1789 would feel at home there. Hazy, blue mountains in the distance look down on the brown, sparsely vegetated hills cut by innum-

erable gullies and canyons. The somberness of the scene is broken by the hardy sycamore, willows, oaks, and tamaracks whose green branches contrast sharply with the drab hillsides.

It's a rugged, natural beauty—a paradise for a sportsman. Game and wild life are abundant. Deer, mountain lions, quail, and pheasant roam the back country and there is some excellent fishing in the swift, mountain streams. During regular seasons, Pendleton Marines often shove off for the hills on horseback for fishing or hunting excursions. They seldom return without a good bag.

The main camp area, hurriedly constructed during the early days of World War II, is far from picturesque. Numerous yellow barracks dot the hillsides. Green grass is conspicuously absent—there is nothing but sand, sand and more sand. However, the commanding general has initiated a grass-growing campaign among the individual units to brighten the appearance of the camp.

Most of the wartime construction was temporary and eventually the barracks will be torn down and replaced by permanent structures. Pendleton

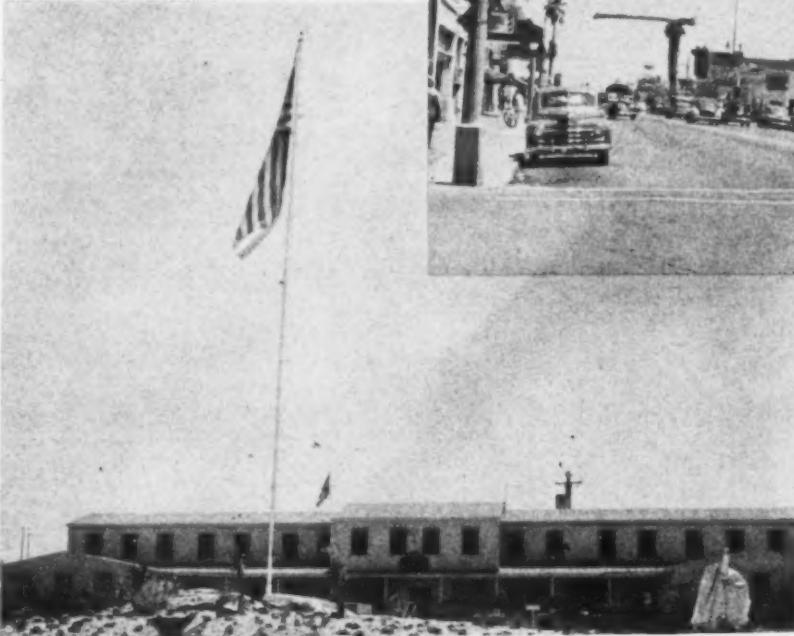
has embarked on a five year building program.

One of the officers on the planning board expressed the hope that single-story, ranch-type barracks would be built.

"We have plenty of room to spread out," he said, "and there's really no need for two-story buildings. I think the ranch-house style would blend in very well with the scenery and would make the post different from the usual familiar pattern. But what we get depends on how much money is appropriated."

Although the number of Marines at Camp Pendleton has dwindled to a fraction of the wartime peak, CampPenne men are still engaged in a training program very similar to the one which was given to their World War II buddies. Today, Pendleton is the home of the famed First Division. Troops from that outfit spent last summer training the 6400 Reservists who were sent to the camp for two weeks of active duty. The division furnished the reserve units with instructors and gave a number of realistic demonstrations for the civilian Marines. Any line Marine, accustomed to the Camp's war

The liberty hounds, desert Oceanside's main stem for the metropolitan flash of Los Angeles' and San Diego's spots



The temporary buildings at Camp Pendleton, similar to the headquarters of Major General Graves B. Erskine, will be replaced by modern structures



routine, would have felt at home. There were the familiar columns of helmeted men marching along sun-baked trails, the angry rumble of tanks, the dull roar of heavy artillery, the staccato of machine guns and small arms, the excited shouts of Marines as they established another "beachhead" at Aliso Beach.

At first glance it might appear that the peacetime and wartime training programs are exactly the same. There are some differences, however. During the last war, Marines could be trained for a particular type of combat—island hopping and jungle fighting. Today,

CAMP PENDLETON (cont.)

this is impossible; the instruction must cover a wider range. One First Division officer put it this way: "Now we must be ready to fight anywhere, anytime."

Last Spring a reconnaissance company from the camp spent several weeks in Alaska testing infantry weapons and equipment, and practising landings in sub-zero weather.

Peacetime training of combat troops is restricted by certain regulations. Marines can no longer maneuver while artillery fires over their heads or crawl through infiltration courses, under the fire of machine guns. Only controlled demolitions can be used. The purpose of the program is to keep the men in top physical condition and to meet the basic requirements of the FMF. Such subjects as guard duty and military courtesy, often neglected during the war, are stressed today. More emphasis is placed on spit and polish now than during the war years.

Rapid turnover in personnel hampers the FMF unit commanders. When an outfit began its wartime training schedule, its CO could be reasonably assured of retaining all hands throughout the whole period. This is no longer possible. As soon as a company commander gets his outfit organized and started through its paces many of his men leave via the discharge route. Then he must begin again, almost from scratch. To alleviate this condition, the Sixth Marines, one of the infantry battalions now in the division, recently transferred all its short-timers and replaced them with new men having at least a year to serve.

Another peacetime problem faced by FMF officers is the preservation of a high level of interest among the men in the training routine. One First Division officer commented: "When the war was on all we had to say to the men was, 'you guys better learn this. It may save your life.' " The common "kill or be killed" line was the only thing needed. It's not as easy as that now. Pride in one's outfit, the old

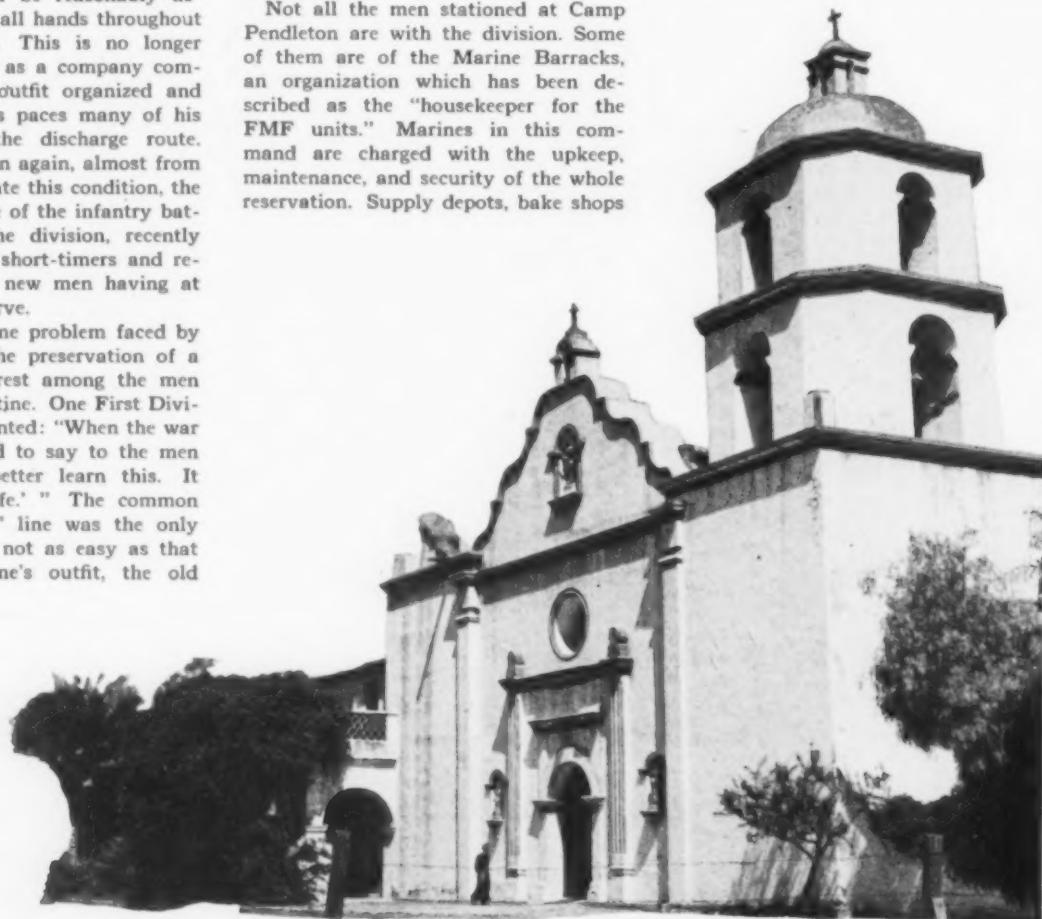


The picturesque old (Santa Margarita) ranch house, surrounded by shrubs, trees and flowers, is now the home of Camp Pendleton's commanding general

esprit de corps, is the chief motivating factor. Then, of course, most Marines hope to make another rating, and they don't get additional stripes in the FMF by doping off.

Not all the men stationed at Camp Pendleton are with the division. Some of them are of the Marine Barracks, an organization which has been described as the "housekeeper for the FMF units." Marines in this command are charged with the upkeep, maintenance, and security of the whole reservation. Supply depots, bake shops

In the vicinity of Camp Pendleton is an early Spanish mission, San Luis Rey, which was built in 1798



and commissaries, are included in the group. Pendleton boasts the most modern sales commissary found anywhere in the Navy or Marine Corps. Opened for business last spring, it has everything that anyone could want in the line of subsistence. And most important, the markup is only 3 per cent over wholesale prices as compared with a 20 per cent average in civilian stores. A huge place, laid out like a typical super market, over 2000 Marines and their families trade there.

The Camp has its own airfield and infantry air arm-Squadron VMP-6. Composed of eight observation planes, and 10 pilots, the squadron is the only type of air support that works side by side with the infantry. During maneuvers it may engage in a wide variety of missions—anything from spotting for artillery to transporting casualties. When not working with the troops, the squadron is kept busy spraying the camp with DDT. It's no snap assignment. Captain Dave Booker, squadron executive, explained, "In order to do a good job we have to spray at a 50 to 75 foot elevation. That means the pilot has to be on his toes all the time. It's a rough job, almost as dangerous as actual combat. We have no use for hot pilots here."

One of Camp Pendleton's component parts, although practically a separate organization within itself, is Camp Del Mar—home of the Signal Battalion and the Tracked Vehicle School. At Del Mar more communications personnel are trained than anywhere else in the Marine Corps. For picked men, fresh out of Recruit Depot, Del Mar offers a basic radio operators course lasting 19 weeks. Here boots learn message center

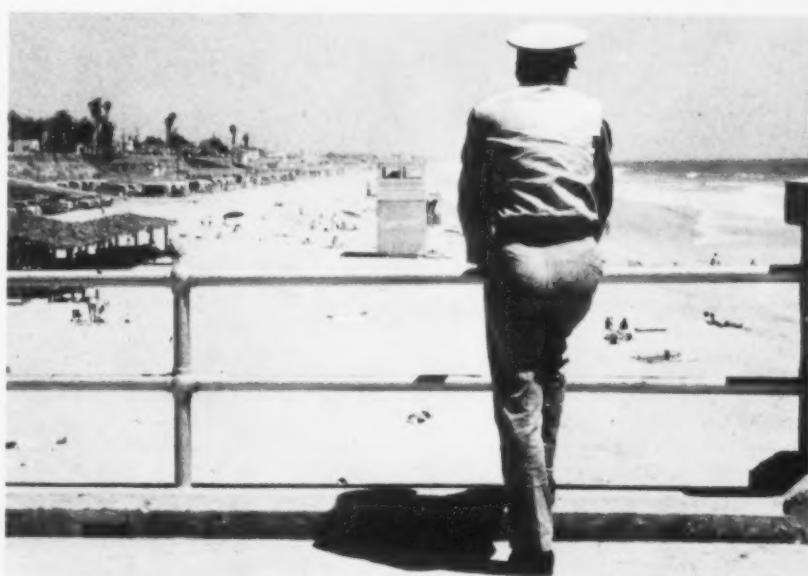
procedure, teletype, and low speed receiving. Classes average 33 in number. Most of the men graduate.

The radio technicians school is an advanced course for more experienced men. Here students are qualified to take care of minor repair work, and the limited manufacture of certain parts. All of the students have had at least two years service. They receive radio theory at Great Lakes and come here for practical work. The school lasts 23 weeks, and upon graduation men are transferred throughout the Corps wherever radio technicians are needed.

Del Mar's radar technicians school

is the only one of its kind in the Marine Corps. For six months some 40 students receive an overall electronics course. They learn maintenance of all types of radar equipment, a curriculum which is classified as top secret. Classes are divided into two sections, air and ground. The air group receives instruction on interceptions, and the ground section is taught fire control. The equipment in the school is valued at three and a half million dollars.

Commanding all these varied activities at Camp Pendleton is a well known Marine general with a long record of service dating from World War I. He



The beach at Oceanside is one of the finest in California. During the summer tourist season it is a favorite liberty spot for many Camp Pendleton Marines



Many married Marines have found comfortable quarters in the Stirling Housing area at nearby Oceanside where there are some 600 completely furnished units

is Major General Graves B. Erskine, whom Marines of the Third Division will remember as their leader on Iwo Jima. Before assuming command of the Third, Gen. Erskine was Chief of Staff of the Fifth Amphibious Corps, and participated in the Kwajalein and Saipan-Tinian campaigns. When Gen. Erskine took command of Camp Pendleton last year he announced:

"It will be my policy that any person under my command, either officer or enlisted, may come to me to present any grievance or request he may have where he feels he has been unjustly treated, after first taking the matter up with his CO."

That means that even the lowliest private can talk it over with the general if he figures he has a legitimate beef.

The nearest liberty port for Pendleton Marines is Oceanside, generally

CAMP PENDLETON (cont.)



The terrain at Camp Pendleton is admirably suited for all types of firing problems. The fire of a mortar platoon is checked by forward observers

noted as a beach resort, just outside the main gate. In 1940, before the idea of a military reservation in this area had been conceived, Oceanside was a sleepy, little village with a population of 4651. Since the establishment of the Camp in 1943, the town has grown by leaps and bounds, and the last unofficial census shows the population to be well over 12,000, an increase of 130 per cent. This is the highest percentage of growth shown by any city in San Diego County.

For most Pendleton-stationed Marines, Oceanside is merely a stopover where they catch buses or trains for Los Angeles or San Diego. They seek their liberty pleasures away from home, generally criticizing Oceanside's lack of recreational facilities. Except for a number of bars, a dancehall, an Army-Navy YMCA and the beach, which Oceanside boasts is Southern California's finest, there's not much for a liberty hound to do.

In order to do something about the situation the city's powerful veterans organizations got together and entered a group of candidates in the last municipal election. One of those elected to the council and the Corps' biggest booster among the townspeople, is Russell Allshouse, a former Marine PFC. Originally from Illinois, Allshouse liked Oceanside so well, that when he was discharged he decided to enter business there. Today he operates a successful

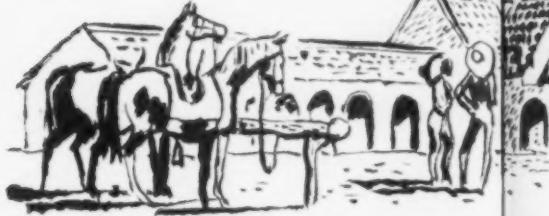
restaurant on Oceanside's main drag.

"The city," said Allshouse, "definitely needs a community recreation building—someplace where civilians and Marines alike can gather and get acquainted. Last spring we attempted to pass a city sales tax to raise funds for this purpose, but it was defeated. It hurt, but we haven't stopped trying. To my way of thinking, the Marines have done more than their share in cooperating with this community. Now it is up to us to give them a break. Too many people in this town overlook the fact that the Camp's million dollar monthly payroll keeps many of us in business."

The Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores, as Camp Pendleton was originally known, played a conspicuous part in the history of old California. The first owners of the land grant were Pio and Andres Pico. Pio was the last Mexican governor of California. His brother Andres signed the Treaty of Cahuenga in 1848 when California became a part of the United States.

The original Santa Margarita Residencia, the picturesque old ranch house, still stands, commanding a beautiful view of the Santa Margarita river valley. An old bell, symbolic of the Mission and Ranch eras in early California, and once rung to summon ranch hands for chow, hangs above the west gate of the residencia entrance. The exact age of the building is not known.

**Camp Pendleton was
once a Spanish ranchero,
called Santa Margarita**

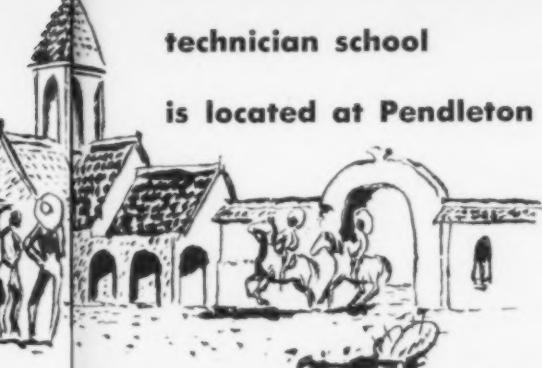


Troops of the crack Sixth Marines fall out on a dusty parade ground

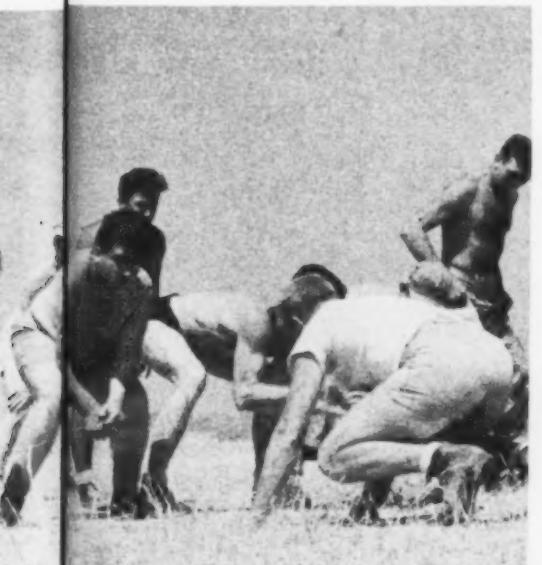


Wednesday afternoons are devoted to organized athletics. These brawny

The Corps' only radar technician school is located at Pendleton



for weekly inspection. The Sixth is now a part of the First Division



muslemen are working out a few new intricate plays for touch football

It was first mentioned in a report of Father Antonio Peyri in 1827, so it can be presumed that ground for the house was broken much earlier. Two Americans, Richard O'Neill, and James C. Flood bought the ranch in 1882. Their heirs sold the property to the government in 1942 and within a few months the yipping of colorful vaqueros was replaced by the yells of Marines on bayonet charges. Roaring guns were heard instead of the bellowing cattle. Prancing horses vanished and bouncing jeeps made their appearance.

The camp site was named by Major General C. F. B. Price who declared, "the new base should honor a gallant Marine — Major General Joseph H. Pendleton." Secretary of Navy Knox concurred and on March 23, 1942, he announced the Camp would honor General Pendleton, known to Marines as Uncle Joe.

Major General Joseph C. Fegan, was named Pendleton's first commanding general on August 14, 1942, and by September, Pendleton was ready to receive some troops. The first line outfit to go there for training was the Ninth Regiment, later of the Third Division. To these new arrivals Gen. Fegan voiced this sentiment:

"Set the example for others who will follow—that is your challenge!"

A few days later, Camp Pendleton became the only Marine Base to be dedicated by President Roosevelt. On September 25, the formal ceremony

took place with Gen. Pendleton's widow, Aunt Mary, as she is affectionately called, in attendance. She stood beside the President when he raised the national colors for the first time over the Camp. When Aunt Mary expressed her happiness over the honor paid her husband, the President took her hands in his and said:

"It is a tribute to Uncle Joe—and well deserved."

During his tour of the Camp, FDR paused to admire the Santa Margarita ranch house. He hesitated in the north section of the building and with appropriate twinkle in his eyes said, "Reserve this room for the next ex-President of the United States."

Today, that section is still known as the Presidential Suite.

During the past two years CamPen has gradually pulled the spotlight away from the old San Diego Marine Corps Base, now known as the Marine Corps Recruit Depot. With increased activity and a larger personnel, the pull was somewhat easy for Pendleton . . . except in the field of athletics. In this endeavor, San Diego refuses to yield.

The result is an intense rivalry between the two posts. When they meet on the athletic field, there is no odds-on favorite; the chalk board or morning-line lists them as even-Stephen.

Other than this it can safely be said that Camp Pendleton is now the heart of the Marine Corps' West Coast activity.

END

Machine gunners from Baker Company, Sixth Marines, fire for record with a grimace



WE-THE MARINES

Edited by
Corp. William Milhon

Honorary Colonel Janis Paige visited Camp Pendleton this summer. Major General G. B. Erskine maps out her campaign at this Marine Corps station

Found: The Perfect GI

Private Copperman, stationed at Mt. Washington, N.H. is the perfect serviceman. He's in the Army—not the Marine Corps. He wears the uniform; never gripes about chow; doesn't squawk on field day; isn't bucking for another stripe, or asking for a 72. His back never aches.

You're right . . . He's a dummy!

He stands on top of a lonely mountain, 6288 feet above sea level and tells the Quartermaster Corps technicians such things as: Whether zero temperature with a 20 mile wind is more chilling than 30 below zero without any wind. And he can tell exactly how fast a body loses heat at different temperatures and humidity when wearing various types of clothing. Also he can tell what part of the body gets cold first. (We are not allowed to divulge that information.)

The copper man was made at the QM Climatic Laboratory, Lawrence, Mass. He was fitted with a copper skin that responds and reacts exactly as that of a flesh and blood soldier. His nervous system is an intricate network of electric wirings and gadgets, and he is plugged in to the Mt. Washington Observatory where his weather reports (My North-end is getting chilly, Sir) are recorded.

Pvt. Copperman is heated by electronically controlled wire elements cemented to the inside of his skin. His temperature is recorded by means of thermocouples and a potentiometer; and it is kept constant by 11 feller elements activated by a device controlling



heat input. Heat loss through his uniform is measured by determining the amount of electrical input necessary to maintain the skin at standard body temperature.

A boon to all servicemen, this automaton will make sure that clothing will be adequate and comfortable in any kind of weather.

Hunger vs. Sex

Our allies, the Army men, have settled for all time, we hope, an argument that has raged for years. The dispute: Which is the most important drive in human life, hunger or sex?

Of course, the Army wasn't concerned with that at all in the beginning. It just happened.

The QM was making tests to determine the best minimum ration for preserving body tissue under distress conditions. In other words: how to keep a man from starving to death.

Twenty troopers from Ft. Knox, Ky. volunteered to undergo a 35 day test conducted by the New York Medical College Research Unit. The diet consisted mainly of specially prepared protein packed biscuits, each about the size of a gum drop.

The menu:—

Breakfast: 1 vitamin pill, 7 gum drops, 1 glass of water (6 2/3 oz.)

Lunch: 7 gum drops, 1 glass of water.

Dinner: 7 gum drops, 1 glass of water.

Supper: 7 gum drops, 1 glass of water.

Four meals a day ought to be

enough for anybody, but the men were not allowed to look at food or smell cooking. In fact garbage trucks were forbidden to drive within several blocks of the test area.

Ten men dropped out during the first few days of the five-week test. The other ten, fighters all, stuck it out; some lost as much as 30 lbs.

But the significant fact, played down in all reports, was that they lived in a barracks adorned with pin-ups, luscious, curvaceous, females in various poses and costume. Blondes, brunettes, and red-heads. Boing! At the end of ten days, the men had torn down every pin-up and had replaced each one with something better. Colorful pictures of juicy steaks, fried chicken, and pork chops.

Interesting, isn't it?

Marine Mother Hubbard

A Marine veteran and his wife in downstate Illinois returned to their home recently to look at their most prized possessions. 1. a dog. 2. a bonus check, which was in the cupboard of course.

When they got there, the cupboard was bare. Pieces of the be-chewed and well-slobbered check littered the floor.

Dog eats bonus.

When the veteran wrote to the Service Recognition Board for another proof of his home-state's gratitude, he put a postscript on the letter:

"P.S. Just send the check and we won't have that trouble again, as we have got rid of the dog."



OKAY COACH! Four reserve privates receive expert coaching from four major generals during landing exercises at the Naval Amphibious Base, Coronado, Calif. Privates are: Bob Green; Don Benxler (foreground); Bob Moser; O. Lingefelter. MajorGens: John T. Walker; Wm. T. Clement; G. B. Erskine; and Louis E. Woods

Shrewd

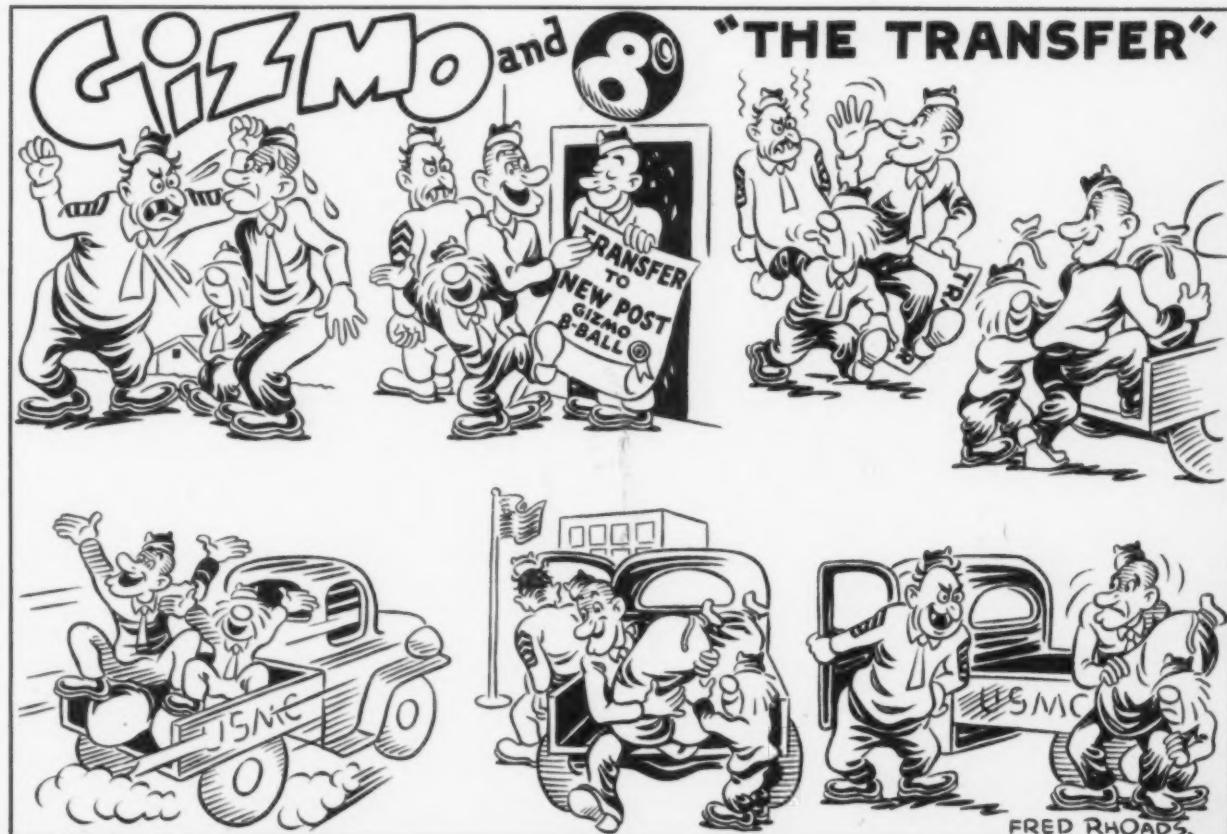
The medics, in their fight against tropical diseases, have made a shrewd move.

A Navy medical group accompanied the University of California African Expedition to Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. In the wilds of this territory they captured 104 elephant shrews.

The elephant shrew is not as large as an elephant, but it may be a lot more important. The shrew gets its name from its big nose. It resembles a mouse. The largest one caught weighed only six ounces. The captured shrews were flown immediately to Washington, D. C. and placed in the custody of the experts at the National Zoological Park. Shrews are delicate, rarely surviving in captivity.

The tiny animals are important because they suffer from an unknown type of malaria. They will be invaluable aids in scientific malarial research. New chemical drugs will be used on the shrews in laboratory experiments—and then, thanks to our alert Navy medical men another disease may be conquered.

TURN PAGE



WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

Whodunit?

A stone jetty near the El Toro base has become the center of a mystery that may never be solved. The sea wall suddenly developed a huge crater, a hole measuring five feet by 15. The Newport Beach authorities made nasty remarks about the El Toro pilots.

"It was bombed from the air," said the Newport Beach Police Chief, Ray R. Hodgkinson. Hodgkinson called the El Toro base and raved, . . . "Planes were buzzing that jetty before the crater was discovered."

The Wing operations duty officer, Major Harold F. Brown, made an investigation of the night flying units. None of the planes had been carrying bombs. The El Toro pilots were cleared of blame.

What caused the crater in the stone sea wall?

Unofficial suspicion: "Mice."

War I Cartoonist

Old timers will remember Wally Wallgren. He was the top cartoonist of World War I. Wallgren, a Marine, liked to take digs at the officers, and his pen depicted the real life of the doughfoot as surely as did Bill Mauldin's during the last fracas. Wally kept the men laughing with his creations of "Inbad the Sailor," "The Saluting Demon," and "Hoosiegow Herman." General John J. Pershing gave Wallgren credit for helping maintain the morale of the American soldiers in France.

During the twenties, Wallgren contributed to many magazines, including *Leatherneck*. He remained on the staff of *Stars and Stripes* for a while. Then he joined the staff of the American Legion magazine until illness forced his retirement.

This year, after a long illness, Abian "Wally" Wallgren died in Philadelphia at the age of 56. He will be remembered kindly by all the service men of World War I.

The Hard Way

Two years ago Ken Beckler, a schoolboy in Rochester, N.Y., submitted a poem "Devil Dogs of Victory" to *Leatherneck*. The editor sent it back to him with a note that "we only accept material written by Marines."

Last month Private Beckler (662777) of Parris Island resubmitted his poem. "It's up to you now," he wrote. "I have become a member of the best military force in the world . . . and very proud of it."



New York Daily Mirror Photo

SHOVING OFF. Into the unknown go 700 odd members of the Organized Marine Corps Reserve for their first summer training encampment. The Reserves, many boarding a transport for the first time, leave the comfort of Pier 26, North River, New York, to board the USS Okaloosa. They're bound for Camp Lejeune

Proud of Private Beckler who qualified the hard way, *The Leatherneck* presents:

Devil Dogs of Victory

By Ken Beckler

They guard our nation's border,
Our sturdy, strong Marines,
They fight for right and freedom,
They know just what it means.

They fought hard at Pearl Harbor,
With all their spirits high,
In hope that they could guard her,
From dangers in the sky.

From island on to island,
They struggled and they died,
To keep our country's freedom,
To save our country's pride.

To them we show high honor,
We sing, we dance, we dine,
We celebrate their victory,
Before our nation's shrine.

First Commencement

The oldest correspondence school in the armed forces has served Marines well for over 28 years, graduating hundreds of thousands without fanfare or publicity.

This summer the Marine Corps Institute held its first annual commencement exercises at Marine Corps stations throughout the world—with enough ceremony to make up for lost time.

In Washington, D.C., present home of MCI, Colonel L. B. Cresswell, Director of the Institute, presented diplomas to men in his own command. The Marine Band saluted the graduates, and the event was completed with a parade and a review.

Said the Director: "I commend these men to be respected—for they are continuing a proud tradition. On such men the Marine Corps depends for its strength."

"Today's graduates have proved that they have perseverance, fervor, and driving ambition to pursue educational programs so that they might improve their individual abilities."

MCI had a humble beginning at Quantico, Va. on January 5, 1910. A few months later it moved to the nation's capital where it expanded rapidly. Over 18,000 men are enrolled at present in the 203 courses offered. The courses are free to all Marines.

Knowledge is available—if you want it!

END

BY CORP. PAUL HICKS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

BANDITS'

NEMESIS



ONE October morning in 1919 the American news papers carried some interesting news. The night before, on the tiny Caribbean island of Haiti, a fabulous career had come to an end. Charlemagne Peralte, bandit chieftain and terrorizer of natives and whites, was dead. Possessed of an uncanny military genius and ruthless ambition, he had threatened to overrun the entire island, and destroy the Americans who had come to bring order out of the chaos which followed Haiti's bloody revolution.

Peralte had consistently outwitted the military and civil leaders who opposed him. But his luck had run out. He had been shot and killed, in a daring coup, by Herman H. Hanneken, a sergeant of the U. S. Marines.

Five months later, the reign of terror in Haiti was over. Osiris Joseph, the bloodthirsty native bandit who succeeded Peralte as the leader of the wild Cacos, met the same fate as his predecessor. During a brilliant foray into the enemy camp, Sergeant Herman H. Hanneken shot and killed Osiris. Thus one man, with two master strokes, broke the back of banditry forever in a troubled little nation.

That was in 1919. For almost ten years, little was heard of Hanneken. His assignments, following his receipt of a regular commission, were close to what is considered "routine" for the peacetime service. Upon returning from Haiti in 1920 he attended Marine Corps School at Quantico. Then, as a member of the Sixth Marine Regiment, he sailed for Brazil to participate in the Brazilian exposition. But fame seemed to lie in Hanneken's path. After almost eight years of routine duty he was sent once more to a foreign trouble spot. This time it was Nicaragua. Here, in the first month of 1929, an unexpected event occurred.

The Marines had been struggling bitterly to end the



BRIGADIER GENERAL HERMAN H. HANNEKEN

The man who broke the Haitian revolution retires on "30"

lawless raids of the Nicaraguan bandit chieftain Sandino. With a brilliant staff of assistants, led by General Manuel Jiron, Sandino was holding his own against the jungle fighters of the Second Brigade Marines. Only a month after his arrival in the strife-torn land in Central America the Corps' number one bandit nemesis once more electrified the nation with his exploits. Hanneken sent word from a forward outpost in the jungle that Sandino's Chief of Staff, Gen. Jiron, had been captured without firing a shot. He had done it again.

After peace returned to Nicaragua, Hanneken came home. He wore a Congressional Medal of Honor for his exploits against Peralte in Haiti and one Navy Cross for the capture of Jiron. In addition to these were his decorations from the grateful nations of Haiti and Nicaragua. He might have retired then, having received in 14 years more acclaim than is the usual portion for a full 30, but instead he returned to more routine duties Stateside—to the slow process of promotion which found him a lieutenant colonel when America opened its offensive against Japan at Guadalcanal.

At the 'Canal Colonel Hanneken commanded the Seventh Marines, and in one particularly fierce engagement he earned the Silver Star. Later, at Peleliu, he was awarded the Legion of Merit for outstanding service. The Bronze Star was pinned on him after Cape Gloucester.

In September, 1945, he returned Stateside, and three years later, while serving as Chief of Staff of the Troop Training Unit, Amphibious Forces, Pacific Fleet, he was transferred to the retired list. He was advanced to the rank of brigadier general for having been specially commended for service in combat. Now, at home with his wife and two daughters, General Hanneken can look back over a 34-year career of colorful service. **END**

Jewelers' art

by Lieut. Clifford McCollam
USMC



ARCHAEOLOGISTS reason convincingly that after primitive man had satisfied his need for food and shelter his thoughts undoubtedly turned to ornaments. Gleaming rubies, turquoises, and cool lapis lazuli could not go unnoticed as they lay, smoothly polished by nature, among the gravels of river beds and the sands of innumerable beaches.

Necklaces, bracelets, and rings were fashioned from these colorful stones even before man began to wear clothing. Personal adornment with gem stones, wild animal tusks and unusual beach shells was considered to rank in importance with the making of hunting spears and flint axes.

Our prehistoric ancestors believed that these ornaments held supernatural charms and magic powers to protect the wearer against misfortune and evil curses. After centuries of scientific and cultural development, superstitions still exist which attribute mystic and unnatural powers to gems and jewelry. But superstitions and beliefs notwithstanding, few will deny that jewels and jewelry have always been gifts with an irresistible magic.

The jeweler's skills, used by ancient priests in the making of sacred charms and religious amulets, remained a secret and little known craft for many centuries.

RIM OF BEZEL GRASPS STONE

Bangle bracelet of braided silver wire is hammered into shape on steel ring mandrel. Iron pipe does as well

**The secrets of an ancient craft
are used by modern hobbyists
to create bright masterpieces**

Jeweler's guilds of the middle ages feared the general spread of knowledge concerning their trade. Only during recent years have adequate manuals in jewelry making and gem cutting been made available to the amateur craftsman.

The authors of these books frequently fill page after page with detailed and tedious explanations of how to use the common jeweler's tools. Since the majority of these tools are ones with which the Marine craftsman is already familiar, a few hints concerning their special application to jewelry making will suffice for this article.

The most often used tool in the hand-made jewelry field is the jeweler's saw. Its frame is similar to that of the common coping or fretwork saw. Fine-toothed blades are clamped into the frame for all types of thin sheet metal sawing.

Blades are made in different sizes. Use a blade which is fine enough to prevent the metal from being caught between the teeth. Blades are held with their teeth pointing outward from the frame and toward its handle. The saw motion should be up and down with little forward pressure. The saw will seemingly feed itself and heavy pressure will clog the teeth. Blades may be lubricated with beeswax, paraffin or soap.

Any design of curved scroll work may be cut with these thin blades. To make sharp angular cuts, saw along the line of your pattern until the point is reached where the change in direction is to occur. Continue to move the blade up and down at this point without making forward progress and slowly turn the blade to the new direction; then begin to cut again. A clean cut angle of any design may be made in this way.

The art of silver soldering, used in permanently joining the different metal parts, is not difficult but the correct procedure must be followed in order to fashion professional looking jewelry.

The solder is an alloy of silver with a melting point between 1200° and

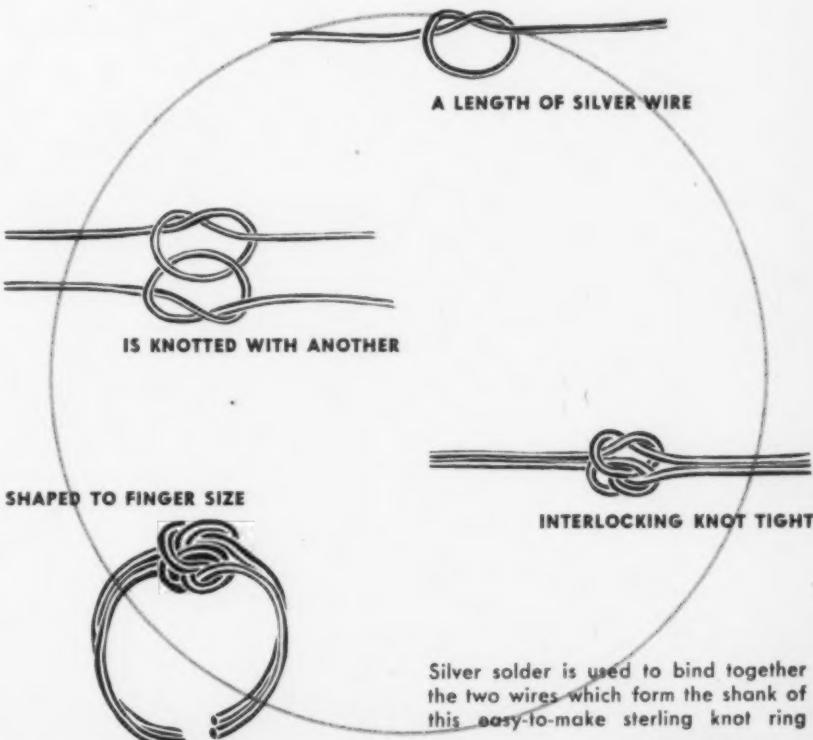
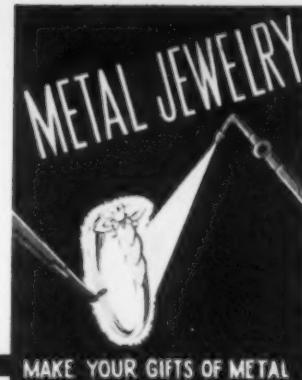
1450° Fahrenheit. Ordinary sterling silver, which is 925 parts silver and 75 parts copper, becomes liquid or flows at 1640° Fahrenheit. The great heat required to melt this solder is provided by an alcohol torch or gas flame. A soldering iron cannot be used.

Here are the general rules for all types of soldering: the surfaces of the work to be joined must be perfectly clean (use emery cloth); the surfaces to be soldered must be protected from heat-formed oxidation by means of a flux (a resin-base flux for soft soldering, a creamy solution of common borax in water for hard soldering); the work being soldered must be brought to the degree of temperature necessary to melt the solder (solder will not adhere to a cool surface); contact between the two surfaces being soldered must

be tight (solder will not flow into a wide gap).

Place the work to be soldered on a charcoal block, sheet of asbestos or building brick. Brush a coating of borax flux solution on the joint. While it is still wet, place a few tiny pieces of silver solder on the joint. The parts being soldered may be held in firm contact by using tweezers, wire, or paper clips. Use the flux dampened brush to pick up the small pieces of solder when placing them on the joint. Avoid using too much solder.

Direct a moderate flame from your alcohol torch or gas burner over the entire surface of the metal work. When the work glows dull red, begin to concentrate your flame on the joint. Solder will flow to the hottest point. When



Silver solder is used to bind together the two wires which form the shank of this easy-to-make sterling knot ring

JEWELERS' ART (cont.)

the solder melts it flows rapidly into the junction of the two hot surfaces joining them securely.

When the solder flows, remove the flame and drop the joined pieces of metal into a wide-mouth jar containing a solution of one part sulphuric acid to ten parts water. This pickling solution dissolves the oxides and residue left by the flux.

Rough edges may now be removed from the soldered area by using a jeweler's file, emery cloth, or one of the many abrasive compounds available for this work.

A final high polish is given to the piece by buffing it with a cloth or felt covered stick coated with jeweler's rouge. All buffing and polishing can be done by hand, but these manual operations become tiresome. Bristle felt, muslin, leather, or wire wheels attached to a one-third or one-quarter

horse power electric motor do this work effectively and with great speed. The wheels are "charged" by holding a stick of abrasive compound against the whirling wheel for a few seconds. Jeweler's rouge is one of the finer textured abrasive compounds, others include: Tripoli for removing scratches and for cutting; crocus composition for fast cutting on both steel and non-ferous metals; emery paste for fast cutting on all common metals; and white diamond compound for both cutting down and polishing operations.

Give your jewelry articles a final washing in soap and water to remove any traces of polishing compound, then wipe them dry.

Using the simple techniques just described—sawing, soldering, and polishing—the amateur jewelry maker can create an almost endless variety of bracelets, rings, broaches, tie clasps, and other metal projects.

A simple bangle bracelet is quickly

LINKED COIN BRACELET



fashioned by filing square the ends of a seven or eight inch piece of round sterling wire. The ends are then silver soldered together and the bracelet is placed over a section of round iron pipe. Hammer the bracelet into shape with a wooden or rawhide mallet. All hammering is done at one spot on the pipe and the bracelet is moved after each hammer blow. The iron pipe used for forming does not have to be the size of the bracelet.

Sterling silver wire may be purchased from hobby or jeweler's supply dealers in several different gauges and shapes.

Beaded wire, triangular wire, and square sterling bar shapes are available along with the common round wires.

These silver wires are used as the basic material in forming many ornamental designs in hand made jewelry.

Round wire may be twisted to obtain a variety of effects. Double a length of round wire and clamp the wire ends, side by side, in a vise. Insert a metal rod in the free end loop and twist the doubled length until it loses the

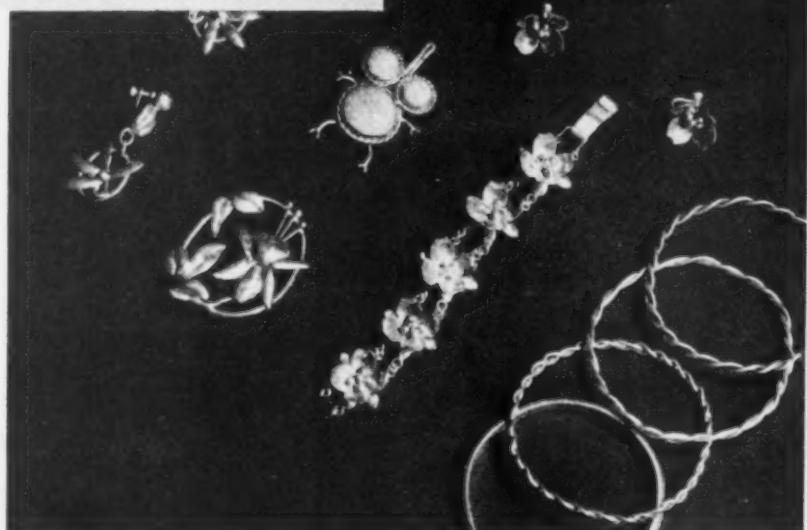


Jeweler's saw cuts sheet silver to form delicate leaf and petal shapes used in making ladies flower bracelet



STEEL SCRIBER MARKS METAL

A few of the many original silver jewelry designs created in the home workshop of Lt. Col. C. Totman, USMC





Ring clamp holds work securely as bezel rim is burnished over polished cabochon stone gem



appearance of two wires and resembles a rope-like form. The ends may then be filed square, matched and soldered together as a bracelet or the twisted length may be used for bordering and decorating other jewelry.

Round wire is frequently coiled in whorls which are linked together as necklaces. Whorls are also soldered to flat metal backgrounds as a decoration.

Although silver is the most generally satisfactory metal for amateur jewelry making, beginners will find it less expensive to practice sawing and soldering on copper wire and sheet. The copper costs little and can be worked as well as silver.

Obtain a short piece of 18 or 20 gauge round copper wire and a large nail. Wrap two layers of paper around the nail. Then hold the nail and the end of the wire in a firm grip and tightly wrap the wire around the length of the nail. Place the nail in a flame to burn out the paper and remove the coiled wire from the nail. The coil

may now be held lightly in a vice or ring clamp and sawed lengthwise through one side to produce loops for chain making. The open ends of each loop are filed square and carefully matched, then soldered to form a closed ring. Wire solder is excellent for closing these small links. Place the open link on a charcoal block, apply flux, and bring it to a red heat with the gas or alcohol torch. When the link glows, touch the joint with the wire solder and it will be welded. A group of closed links may be consolidated by joining two closed links with a third open link. Solder this link. Such groups of three may then be joined with additional open links. You can build up a chain of any desired length.

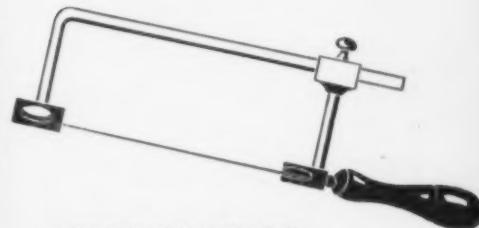
The size of the nail which you use as a mandrel in winding the coil will determine the link size. Chain links of different sizes may also be formed and sawed on wooden dowling or metal tubing.

If you have retained a few of the

silver coins you picked up as souvenirs of duty in foreign posts, you have the raw materials for a novel and imaginative piece of gift jewelry.

Mark two pairs of adjacent spots on opposite sides of the face of each coin and drill small link holes. Open chain links, made in the manner just described, are inserted through the four holes in each coin and closed with solder. Additional links connect the pierced coins with one another to form a bracelet or necklace. Try to select coins which have a high silver content, since they will not melt during soldering operations and will readily polish to a shiny finish.

Many other designs may be produced in bracelets of the chain link variety.



JEWELER'S SAW CUTS FINE

Alcohol torch heats silver with 1500° flame as the parts of this ornamental pin are soldered on a charcoal block

A small outline drawing of the Marine Corps emblem or the typical Marine Corps bulldog mascot may be traced on several pieces of thin, hard paper. These traced outlines are then glued upon pieces of sheet sterling or other jewelry metal. Cut around the outline of each figure with the jeweler's saw. After each small figure, emblem or bulldog has been cut from the metal, draw in the figure lines and body features with a sharp pointed scribe. Figures are made more lifelike by raising them from the back. This is done by making a small hollow in a piece of lead or wood with a ball peen hammer. Place the figure over the depression and hold the hammer against its back. Then strike the ball peen hammer with another hammer to form the raised figure. Wash the paper pattern from the metal and complete the filling and smoothing of its edges.

The completed emblems or bulldog figures may then be linked in the same manner as the coins.

Since the sawing of pierced jewelry will always require a guiding pattern, the method described above should be remembered as a simple means of

Know Your Leaders

BY CORP. PAUL HICKS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

LIEUTENANT General Keller E. Rockey, Commanding General, FMF Atlantic, has served the Marine Corps as an officer for 35 years. Before assuming his present duties he was Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, and during World War II he commanded the Fifth Marine Division at Iwo.

Keller E. Rockey was born on September 22, 1888, in Columbia City, Ind. He attended Gettysburg College, and then completed his education at Yale University. On November 18, 1913 he was commissioned a second lieutenant and two years later he went to sea with the Marine Detachment aboard the 'USS Nebraska', his first assignment out of the country. This cruise was followed by a tour of duty aboard the 'USS Nevada'.

When he returned from sea duty in the Spring of 1917 the general sailed for France. One year later, as a member of the Fifth Marine Regiment, he saw bloody action at Chateau-Thierry. It was here, on July 6, 1918, that he distinguished himself by bringing up support and personally directing its placement under heavy enemy fire. His citation for the Navy Cross lauded him

for "showing exceptional ability and extraordinary heroism" during the action.

In 1919 Rockey was assigned to foreign duty with the Haitian Constabulary and he remained there until 1921. Several years of intensive schooling followed—first at the Field Officer's School, Quantico, and later, at the Command and General Staff school, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

In 1928 the general was Commanding Officer of the First Battalion, Eleventh Regiment, 2nd Marine Brigade in Nicaragua, where he was awarded a gold star in lieu of a second Navy Cross for outstanding services. Following his duty in Nicaragua Gen. Rockey returned to the States and alternated between San Diego and Headquarters Marine Corps. For a period he was Battle Force Marine Officer aboard the 'USS Colorado'.

July, 1939 found Gen. Rockey with Operations Navy Department (War Plans), where he remained until August, 1941, when he became Chief of Staff of the Second Division. He held this position until August, 1942, when he was assigned the duties of Director, Division of Plans and Policies at Headquarters, and later Assistant Commandant.

In February, 1944 he assumed command of the Fifth Division, and later of the Third Amphibious Corps. Following the deactivation of the Third Corps he commanded the First Division. Reinforced, with headquarters at Tientsin, China. He returned Stateside and became Commander of the Department of the Pacific in September, 1946. He held this post until ordered on duty on January 2, 1947, as Commanding General of the newly activated FMF Atlantic.

END



LIEUTENANT GENERAL KELLER E. ROCKEY

GREAT DATES OF THE MARINE CORPS OCTOBER, 1901



" . . . HE SERVED ON SAMAR"

TWO deadly marches in the Philippines have been burned into the memories of U. S. Marines. The Death March of Bataan took many lives and stands as a memento of Japanese sadism. But 40 years earlier there had been another march—the March Across Samar which earned this tribute for its survivors: "Stand gentlemen, he served on Samar."

For months after the end of the war with Spain, American forces in the Philippines were occupied with the native Insurrectionists. In September, 1901, every soldier of Company "C" Ninth Infantry was killed in a massacre while on outpost duty at Balangiga. The military governor of the area called for reinforcements and got them—a battalion of Marines under Major L. W. T. Waller.

The entire southern end of Samar became the Marines' assignment and they proceeded to clear the area of all rebellious forces. Moving up the Sohoton River, Waller and his Marines attacked and destroyed a native fort on the bluffs that had been under preparation for years. No white troops had ever penetrated this far into the interior of the island.

In October, the military governor requested that a communication line be run across the island and Major Waller was to decide the route it should follow. The battalion was divided into two groups with Waller taking 50 men and bearers of the first group to scout a route. The party started up river from Lenang in boats but had to abandon them because of treacherous rapids. The men continued on foot, crossing and recrossing the river continuously. Rations were cut in half, and as the Marines marched through the jungles and over the mountains they contracted illnesses, their clothing was torn and their feet swollen and bleeding. Soon the trail was lost.

Major Waller decided to keep pushing on with

Lieutenant Frank Halford and 13 of the most able-bodied men, leaving the others under Captain David Porter to follow as soon as their strength permitted. A few days later the advance party captured some insurrectos and from them learned the direction of the old Spanish trail to Basey. At Banglay on the Cadacan River they came upon the camp set up by Captain Dunlap and the remainder of the second group who had come around by sea to await their arrival. Waller's men had marched through torrential downpours, jungle and flood for 29 days. When picked up they wept or laughed hysterically. They were barefoot, cut, torn, bruised and famished.

A relief party started back immediately to find the rest of the column under Capt. Porter. In spite of his weakened condition Major Waller went with them. The search was unsuccessful. Many of the former camp sites and trails were under water and the route was blocked.

In the meantime Capt. Porter had started to retrace the trail to Lanang. Many of the men were unable to march and they were left with Lieutenant Williams while Porter and the seven who were most fit went on ahead for relief. Lieut. Williams and the remaining Marines faced slow starvation and moved slowly back over the trail. The weakest men died one by one, by the wayside. One of Williams men went insane and the native carriers attacked the party with bolos. Ten Marines died before the relief party from Lanang reached them.

The entire march across Samar covered over 190 miles, while Major Waller had covered 250 miles in his return with the relief party. The Marine battalion was relieved by Army troops in March 1902, leaving behind it a story of heroic sacrifice and hardship seldom equalled in the performance of duty.

END

Shanghai's black market gets the works in
one explosive night as Jay Jay and the
lovely Mei Ling pull a far eastern 4th of July



EARL WILSON



Before he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in May, 1942, Earl Wilson was a well known columnist and newspaperman with the *Washington Post*.

During his career as a Public Relations Officer in the Marine Corps, he served overseas with the Second Division at Tarawa, and with aviation units at Guam, Peleliu, and Leyte. He was relieved from active duty early in 1946 and is now with the State Department in Shanghai, China.

AT five o'clock sharp, Jefferson Jones stepped from a pedicab and entered the lift of the swank Park Hotel in Shanghai. It took him rapidly to the Sky Room where he found Mei Ling waiting for him at their usual table. It was by a window, secluded, and offering a view over the green oval of the race course and past it to the shabby rooftops of the city, misty and golden now in the light of the fading sun. As a rule, however, Jay Jay saw little of this, for Mei Ling offered a view of considerable more beauty.

She was a tall girl with hair like black silk worn long over her shoulders. One soft wave was caught up by a curiously-wrought Manchurian silver clasp of much antiquity. Her skin was the ivory whiteness of lotus blossoms. There was a full red mouth and two almond-shaped eyes like black agates. She was dressed in a simple Chinese

• • •

gown of soft blue silk, slit up the side and fitted to favor the curves of her young body. She waved a sandalwood fan gracefully and smiled when she saw Jay Jay coming across the room.

Jay Jay smiled back. "Hiya, Scoop," he said. Mei Ling reported for one of Shanghai's influential English-language newspapers and that had been Jay Jay's conventional, corny, and appropriated name for her since he first discovered the fact.

"Hello, Fly Boy," she said. "Sit down."

Jay Jay smiled again. He always found it incongruous for this lovely Chinese girl to speak American slang though he knew she had picked up a lot during her two years at Columbia University in the States, and still more during the Chunking war days when numerous GIs were delighted to find a beautiful Chinese girl reporter who could actually speak "American." Late-ly, though, Jay Jay had been taking full control.

A waiter appeared and Jay Jay ordered two gimlets. When the waiter had gone Mei Ling leaned across the table, "Tonight is the pay off," she said in a low excited whisper.

"Okay, give," Jay Jay said.

For more than a month Mei Ling, with Jay Jay's quiet help, had been investigating and writing about Shanghai's black market, needling the police, blasting the customs, hitting the municipal and national government, denouncing the smuggling that was enriching the racketeers and impoverishing the populace by further inflating prices. It was an all-out crusade and the paper was squarely behind her. Every article shook the city, called forth investigations and added to the gossip that bubbled over teacups and cocktails. It was beginning to have international implications.

by Earl Wilson

Being a civilian transport pilot, winging from one end of China to the other, kept Jay Jay out of town a lot. But most of the time he had been around when she delved into the mess. He had always been handy since the first time they had met in the old Nantao temple on Chinese New Year. He was there to look, she to write a story. Jay Jay had been pressed against her by the crowds, liked it, and had stayed close from then on.

"Come on, stop acting like Mati Hari and give me the pitch," Jay Jay said eagerly.

Mei Ling's black eyes sparkled. "It's adding up, Jay Jay, falling into place. This isn't just a haphazard operation. It's under the control and domination of one gang, one leader—and tonight we learn his name and hideout!"

"How?" Jay Jay asked.

"From Yuen, our undercover man," Mei Ling replied. "He called me this morning and set a price—high—but my publisher has agreed to pay. I've got the dough in my purse. We're to meet the same place as last time."

Jay Jay knew the spot, a Mongolian restaurant just off Avenue Edward the Seventh, dark and smokey, lit but dimly by the light of peanut oil lamps and smelling of mutton. "Okay," he said, "What are we waiting for? Let's hit the road."

They made a striking couple as they left the hotel and took a taxi, Jay Jay, tall, lean and blonde, Mei Ling, her black eyes shining in anticipation, her arm through his.

At the restaurant, one of the numerous

attendants led them to a small private room shut off from the others by screens. It contained a table, some chairs and a bench. The attendant soon returned bearing a tall brass brazier which he placed in the center of the table. He came again with strips of mutton and various vegetables for them to cook in boiling water over the charcoal brazier. And there was a circular dish containing some ten sauces to be mixed to suit the individual palate.

But neither Jay Jay nor Mei Ling took much interest in the food. Their man was overdue and they wondered what was keeping him. Although now and then they forgot him completely as they touched their tiny cups of yellow wine and looked into each other's eyes.

A small Chinese looked into the room, hesitated for a moment, then entered and bowed. Jay Jay didn't like his looks and he was certainly not the man expected. Mei Ling questioned him in Chinese and the man sat down.

"What's he want?" Jay Jay asked suspiciously.

"He says Yuen is afraid to meet us here—too risky—and wants us to go with him to a new place."

"Negative. I say we stay put. This joker looks strictly from hunger. If his friend wants the dough tell him to mush over here and get it, but we stay anchored."

Mei Ling disagreed, and being a woman, finally had her own way. Jay Jay put a small mountain of Chinese money on the table for the bill, and they left.

Their guide had a car, a new one Jay Jay noted, and though he didn't drive them very far, the distance was still great enough to remove them



a coffin for two

Illustrated by

MAJOR JAMES DONOVAN, JR.



A COFFIN FOR TWO (cont.)

to a section of the city where it was wise not to walk alone at night; a region of narrow streets, twisting lanes, and high walls; a place where the few policemen walked in pairs with their automatic pistols cocked and at the ready.

The car stopped and the small Chinese bowed them out. They followed him to a massive studded gate where he rang a bell three times for admittance. Inside they stopped in amazement. Much was going on. Groups of coolies sweated over huge boxes and small bundles, chanting and grunting at their work. What the boxes and bundles contained was clearly marked. There were shoes, tooth paste, bicycles, canned goods, machines, whole blood, skins, clothing, cigarettes, machine parts, chemicals, refrigerators—even automobiles! Jay Jay let out a low whistle. There was easily a million dollars worth of goods in the compound. Mei Ling exchanged a quick glance with him as the massive gate swung shut behind them and their guide motioned them on.

Jay Jay took Mei Ling's arm and whispered, "Scoop, we've got no more business on these premises than a brass monkey. I vote we dust out of here pronto."

He felt her tremble slightly. "Too late now," she said, "You couldn't get through that gate with a bulldozer." She looked at him sadly. "I'm sorry I got you into this, Fly Boy," she said.

"Skip that," he said, "but before we ramble anymore I'm gonna make this bird tell where he's taking us."

By now their guide had opened a small gate which led into a courtyard. There, amid the surrounding warehouses, stretched a wide grassy lawn with a large garden spotted with jagged rocks set on pedestals in a way the Chinese admire. A large house with a pagoda'd roof stood across the lawn. Jay Jay started to grab the small Chinese by the arm, but even as he did so the little man smiled, bowed, and said in excellent English, indicating a tea pavilion in the garden, "Your friend, Yuen, you will find, is waiting for you patiently over there."

Mei Ling and Jay Jay walked across the grass. It was very quiet. By now their eyes were accustomed to the darkness. Something was on a table in the center of the tea pavilion. Jay Jay suspected, and then the light of the returning moon left no doubt as to what it was, a severed human head! Mei Ling let out a little moan and Jay Jay put his arm around her and

turned her away from the grisly object.

"Yuen," she said in a low tense voice, "they've murdered him."

"Yeah," Jay Jay said, "these guys don't play for marbles."

A door had opened in the great house across the lawn throwing a slant of light on the couple. Their guide was again beside them, only now he held a small revolver in his hand to add emphasis to his polite bow in the direction of the open door.

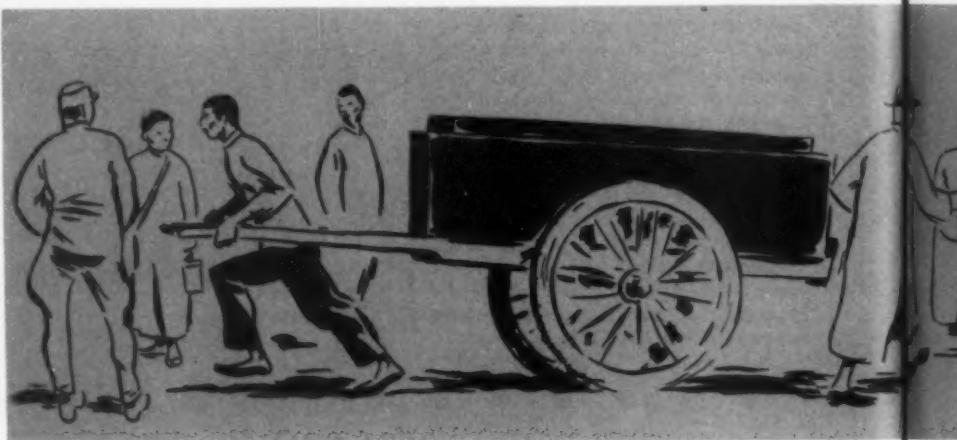
Inside they passed down a long hall and through a moon door into a sitting room rich with incense, hung with delicate scrolls, and where tiny teacups filled with fragrant tea stood on a table. Seated in a carved chair was an old, wrinkled and evil-looking individual. For only a moment Jay Jay wanted to laugh. It all seemed so theatrical. The old man looked like Fu Manchu in the movies. No doubt he was wearing false whiskers. In another minute Charley Chan or somebody would come in and the curtain would drop. But the hard round circle of the revolver in his back banished such idle thoughts. Of the curious ways of the Chinese he might have much to learn, but when it came to

"Mei Ling, for God's sake what's he saying?"

The girl was angry. Her eyes were narrow and her fists were clenched. "This man is a fool," she said. "He thinks the warlord days are still here. This—this old goat thinks he can kill and butcher and steal here like he did before in the interior. A fool! He says I am to write no more articles—" she broke off and spoke rapid Chinese to the old man. Jay Jay was about to interrupt when the Black Dragon waved him aside with a motion of his fan and the man with the pistol escorted Jay Jay to the next room.

He sat down and listened to the muffled voices and lit a cigaret. Probably the old boy thinks Mei Ling will change her mind if I'm not around he thought, and then with a grin concluded, "Fat chance!"

Jay Jay was startled from his reverie by a scream. It was Mei Ling and no mistake. He was across the room in a second, just in time to see two men dragging her away. The rest he didn't remember. When he woke up he was sitting on the steps of a downtown hotel while a crowd of Chinese watched him and made clucking sounds about American drinking habits.



firearms—well, the scar on his leg from the Jap slug would go with him to his grave. And you learn about weapons in the Marine Corps. No, Jay Jay thought, there was nothing theatrical about the business end of a revolver against a man's backbone.

"I know this man," Mei Ling whispered to Jay Jay, "The Black Dragon, an ex-warlord, and ex-collaborator. He is supposed to be dead." But the old man was far from that. He paid no attention to Jay Jay whatever, but addressed Mei Ling directly, using his black fan now and then to emphasize his points. Jay Jay listened for a time and then couldn't stand it any longer.

Picking himself up, Jay Jay checked his pockets. Nothing had been disturbed. He then hurried to his apartment to think. It was too fantastic. Mei Ling kidnapped, in trouble, bad trouble, and he couldn't even fight them. They had merely dropped him back where he came from, as a warning to stay out of their business. What could he do? Call the police? He knew of old how much time would be consumed by a foreigner trying to get anything across to the Chinese constables, especially at that time of night. By the time he made his point Mei Ling might be dead!

Jay Jay's head hurt, but several

drinks of straight whiskey helped rout the cobwebs a little. He rang a brass bell and his number one boy appeared. Wong and Jay Jay, though of different backgrounds, understood one another and shared a mutual admiration. Now Jay Jay gave him some minute instructions, much money, and sent him on his way with dire threats should he return without having completed his mission perfectly. Next Jay Jay busied himself at the typewriter for the space of half an hour and then further occupied himself with drawing a neat map, all of which he placed inside an old hat box.

He called Mei Ling's editor, got him out of bed, and assured him that it would be well worth his time to have a reporter and cameraman at a designated police station within the next two hours. If the expected story should break they would have no difficulty following the lead. If it didn't—well, the less said the better.

Wong, a remarkable man, turned up in less time than expected. He reported that he had the coffin and other things out in the back alley near his master's jeep-wagon. Jay Jay followed him outside and found everything in order.

The large Chinese coffin was mount-

being seen. Wong began pushing it through the streets where the appearance of a foreigner would have otherwise been as hard to conceal as a white elephant with neon tusks. Many are the coffins pushed through the streets of Shanghai and this was no different from the others.

In a little while Jay Jay found himself under the walls of the house where he had last seen Mei Ling. It was a simple matter for him to leap from the coffin, produce the climbing rope procured by Wong and go over the wall followed soon after by the two large packages tossed over by his boy.

Jay Jay stopped for a minute and surveyed the garden. It was empty, quiet as before. Keeping in the shadows he hurried to the pavilion and found there, as he had hoped, the decapitated head still on the table. Hating to touch it, but knowing it must be done, Jay Jay picked the head up by the hair and deposited it carefully in the hat box, placing his typewritten letter and map on top. Then he threaded his way back to the wall and dropped the box to Wong who made off at a fast pace down the street mindful of his instructions to drop it in the lap of the cameraman he would find in the police station. Then he was to return quickly before any questions could be asked.

With simple logic Jay Jay had reasoned that the head would bring direct action where thousands of words and many hours spent in trying to persuade the police of the situation would have been hopeless. As Wong went off Jay Jay crossed his fingers.

From somewhere inside the house Jay Jay heard the music of a Chinese violin. The sound bothered him and irritated his nerves as he made his way again across the garden with the rest of his assault material. Peeping through one window he was surprised and gratified to see Mei Ling, unharmed, sitting in a chair with the Black Dragon talking to her. A closer look showed that the girl was tied with silken strips and was gagged, no doubt to permit the old man an uninterrupted flow of conversation.

For fully five minutes Jay Jay stood under the window orienting himself to the wall, the house, and where he planned to escape. Then he went to a far corner of the garden and busied himself with his bundle of firecrackers for which the Chinese are justly famous. Jay Jay had told Wong not to spare himself in the purchase of the pyrotechnics and Wong had done well. He had big ones and long strings of little ones, roman candles and sky rockets, pin wheels and some strange gizmos which he had never seen before.

When all was in readiness Jay Jay took a deep breath, lit a fuse with his cigaret lighter and sprinted across the lawn to a position near the door of the house. The first firecracker went off in the quiet garden like a crack of thunder. The Chinese violin inside stopped with a discordant squawk. A series of explosions followed in rapid succession. There were whistles and growls, showers of flames, fountains of light and balls of fire. From the house came high voices in excitement, especially from one window where a roman candle managed with deadly accuracy to send colored balls of flame.

Figures spilled from the house, pistols in hand, to investigate the uproar. During the confusion, as planned, Jay Jay slipped inside, ran down the hall and cut Mei Ling's bonds with his pocketknife.

"Hiya, Scoop," he said, "Didn't anybody ever tell you a woman's place is in the kitchen? I don't know what gets into you modern women."

Mei Ling rubbed her wrists and smiled. "My hero," she said, "Lead me to that kitchen, but fast. Let's get out of here."

From the back of the house Jay Jay saw the Black Dragon approaching and settled the old gentleman into pleasant slumber with a crack on the head from a convenient opium pipe. Grabbing Mei Ling by the hand he led her on a wild dash across the lawn to where a gnarled plum tree made a convenient exit over the wall.

Wong, his arms folded into his ample sleeves, was sitting on the coffin, a wily smile of peace and contentment on his face as he listened to the fireworks. But when he saw the two faces on the wall above him he sprang up, opened the coffin, and they both leaped inside. A moment later various men came into the street to find the usual crowd and an old man pushing a coffin.

The firecrackers began to stop, but Jay Jay heard other explosions and reports. To a trained ear the sound of firearms, even when heard inside a coffin, can be distinguished from other noises. He smiled contentedly. The police were on the job and doing a very thorough business of shooting up the premises. Knowing their aim Jay Jay regarded it as an excellent place to be leaving.

Mei Ling lay close to him in the close dark confines of the coffin. He held her in his arms as they bounced and jounced down the cobble streets. And just before he kissed her he calculated at that rate of speed it would take them a good hour to get home. He knew he could trust Wong to remember. That was also part of his plan.

END



ed on a two-wheeled cart. This was tied to the back of the jeep and together they drove off through the crowded streets to a point far enough away from the black marketeer's headquarters so that the jeep could be parked without attracting unnecessary attention.

A Chinese street in the native section somewhat defies the Western imagination. Street hawkers cry their wares, throngs press along in almost a solid mass, and the word "teeming" is hardly strong enough for the mass of humanity to be found there. Still, by the use of a dark alley it was possible for Jay Jay to get into the coffin without

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS



by Corp. Paul Hicks
Leatherneck Staff Writer

A look through untinted

glasses at today's

uncertain submarine picture

THE goal of naval planners since the days of Jules Verne has been a perfect undersea craft—one which could go down and stay down indefinitely. Toward the end of World War II, German inventors had designed a true submersible and had actually built a working model. If they had been able to put it into mass production and use it against the Allies, the Battle of the Atlantic would have been far more difficult. Fortunately the Axis war machine crumbled, and the water show went down the drain with the rest of it. The plans for the super sub were among the spoils of war.

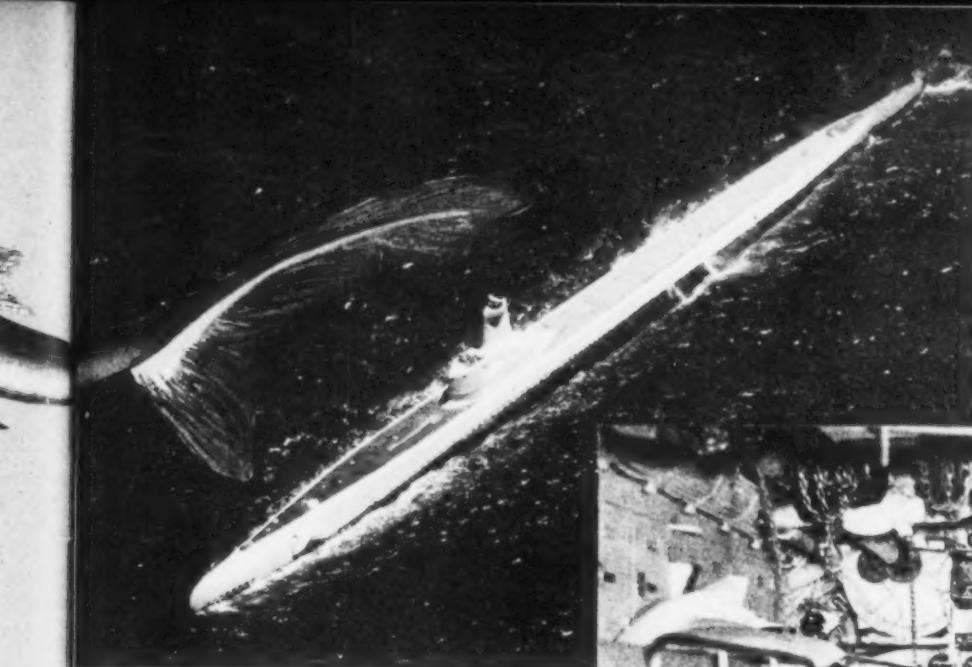
Improvements on the Nazi model which would make it the perfect under-sea boat are now within the eager grasp of naval designers—not all of whom are on American payrolls.

The key to any anti-sub operation is detection. As an elusive, unseen attacker the submarine is potentially the perfect weapon. The principal efforts of the Allies during the Atlantic naval actions of World War II were directed toward overcoming each enemy move to make his subs undetectable. It was a tedious job. During most of 1942, and early 1943, we were losing the battle. Millions of tons of Allied shipping went down under the ruthless attacks

the NAVY'S SHARKS



The USS *Corporal*, probably unrecognizable to the men who once manned her, as she appeared following conversion under the Navy's new "Guppy" program



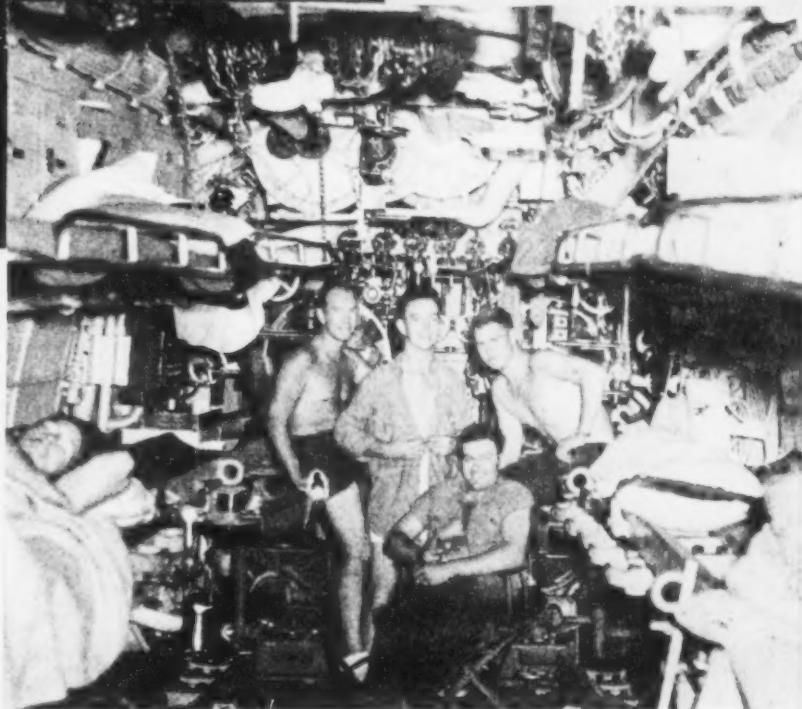
The streamlined USS Pomodon, minus deck guns and other topside gear, now makes greater underwater speed

of the U-boats. But increasing numbers of escort vessels and the advent of radar forced the subs below the surface and kept them there. Previously, much of their reconnaissance and preliminary battle tactics had been carried out on the surface, to take advantage of the greater speed and maneuverability. When they were forced under, their kill totals began to drop. Other scientific weapons, coupled with the use of jeep-aircraft carriers, "hunter-killer" groups, and highly perfected listening devices, turned the tide against the U-boats, and held it. But today the most effective anti-sub tactics developed up until 1945 are almost worthless. Three years have seen advancements in the possibilities of undersea warfare which have furrowed the brow of the U. S. Navy.

All of our World War II Allies got some of the newer German subs and plans for the super subs. Among the new boats thus obtained were the type 21 and plans for the type 26. Both came out of the Nazis sub pens in northern Europe. These are the two which approach perfection. The U. S. got the plans for both, but Soviet Russia got most of the German technicians.

Underwater, the type 21 could reach, for a limited time, speeds as high as 16 or 17 knots, almost twice that of our own standard fleet submarines. It had a tough pressure hull which was strong enough to withstand heavy depth charges, and permitted deeper operation.

But the clincher was a handy gadget



No room for sleepwalkers is evident in this shot of a submarine's sleeping accommodations. Although it is exciting duty, sack time is never neglected

called "The schnorkel." This intake-exhaust tube operated like the ventilators on a surface ship, but on a perisopic principle when submerged. This device had been developed for earlier types, and was installed in most operating U-boats by mid-1944. The type 21 could go under, run up the schnorkel as it would its periscope, and stay down until the warm place froze over. The schnorkel supplied air for the crew, and oxygen for the diesel engines, which could then be operated below, as well as on the surface. As a final effort the tube also discharged the dangerous diesel oil fumes. In fact it did everything but cook chow for the crew. Had it been perfected sooner it might have helped to cook a few geese for somebody on the high seas.



The type 26, the second and most advanced of the super subs, never got beyond the design stage in German hands. It was to contain all the structural improvements of the 21, and also a new, "closed-cycle" engine which required no atmospheric oxygen for combustion. Oxygen for the combustion of the fuel oil was supplied by concentrated hydrogen peroxide. This was a potent and dangerous procedure, and many operational snags had been discovered. The boat also contained many unsolved problems, but it was realized that here, designed for a submerged speed of nearly 25 knots, was the shadow of the true submarine of the future. How much improvement has been made on it by other than American technicians is not definitely known.

The U. S. Navy's anti-submarine

THE NAVY'S SHARKS (cont.)

The submersible fleet of our future must be top notch. Experimentation, conversion and new building are the Navy's order of the day



tactics of World War II would be inadequate against a fleet of today's underwater boats. A sub cruising with only a few feet of the schnorkel above water is difficult to detect, either visually, or by radar. During choppy weather detection would be practically impossible, although the schnorkel cannot be used in a heavy sea, due to poor depth control. A sub which can cruise submerged at such high speeds makes attack by a surface escort doubly difficult. Radar does not work underwater. Sound detection equipment (sonar) is limited in range and its effectiveness depends on water conditions.

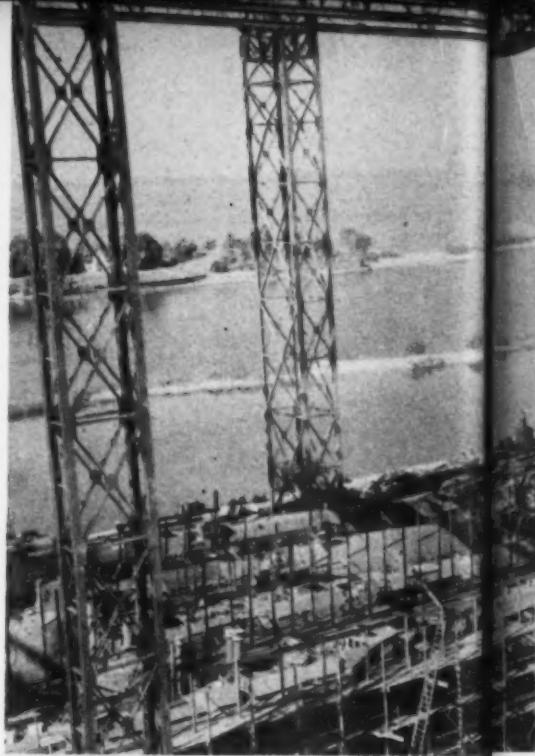
A true submersible could submerge in the eastern hemisphere, move entirely underwater to our coastline, surface, unleash a crippling salvo of guided missiles, and then escape before any anti-sub force, air or surface, could stop it. Realistic strategists have no doubt that today the United States is vulnerable to this type of submarine attack. The Navy is working overtime to do something about it.

Undersea warfare has A-1 priority in the Navy today. This includes both the offensive and defensive phases of its operation. The best proved method for developing both phases is to make it a contest between the technicians and designers within the Navy itself. The submarine experts came up with a new twist. They hand it to the anti-sub men, and the latter work out some weapon or method to combat it. The submarine division has been divided again into two groups, with each faction trying desperately to outdo the other. No matter which side wins, the Navy can't lose. While training personnel in the latest offensive tactics, it is also training men, by theoretically pitting them against their comrades, in the most advanced anti-sub methods known.

Thus far little has been said concerning the offensive aspect for our own submarine picture. At present the Navy is in the process of an intensive alteration program and the early stages of a new construction program. The alteration, or "guppy" program is the first of a series of modernization steps. All of the innovations tested and found valuable through the guppy program will be included in the construction which has already been authorized by Congress. Now under observation are altered subs which feature drastically streamlined hulls and the installation of the latest schnorkel equipment. Increased speed has been attained by stripping away deck guns and other topside gear which could offer underwater resistance.

Under the 1947-48 naval appropriations, funds were provided for the conversion of some of our fleet submarines. These include a troop carrier, cargo carrier, a radar picket, and an arctic picket. All of these are significant, and the test reports on them will do much to determine the future content of our undersea forces.

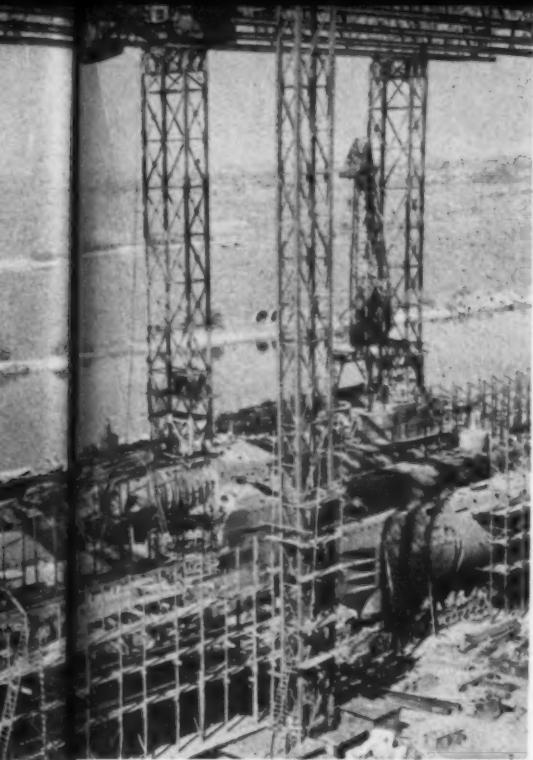
The Carlson-led Marine raid on Makin, in 1942, proved that troops can be transported successfully by submarine. However, it seems logical that such activity would be impractical on any but a small scale. There has been some scuttlebutt to the effect that the sub would become the landing boat of the next war. To date there is no substantial evidence to uphold that theory. To retain its high degree of maneuverability and effectiveness at close quarters, the pig boat must remain close to its present size. A craft much larger than today's standard would be awkward, slow, and vulnerable to high speed attack. To transport any great number of troops in boats of today's size would be impossible. Should there be another war,



The sub building yards at Bremen, Germany, which turned out countless



The sardines come out of the tin. Grinning broadly at Pearl Harbor are



Nazi boats during the war, yielded valuable data to U.S. technicians



the Marine raiders of Makin Island who hit the beach from submarines

Marines will step down from landing barges, and not up from subs, which will probably suit the veterans of the Carlson raid. They were rather crowded in those two boats which were the largest we had at the time.

Guided missile submarine experiments are more likely to provide a permanent standard for future construction. Outlines have been drawn which show that it would be possible for a sub to submerge in the East, get over here, raise a fuss and get away without being caught. That can work both ways. The Navy is releasing no information on its experiments.

The radar picket sub is the Navy's answer to the destruction of our surface radar pickets of the last war, particularly during the Okinawa campaign. The radar ships took an awful pounding from the Jap suicide planes. A submarine, however, could detect the approaching planes, give the alarm and submerge, resuming station only after the aircraft had passed over. One possible defense against attack could be a ring of radar picket subs around the Western Hemisphere. This radar net could give warning in the event of an aerial or guided missiles attack.

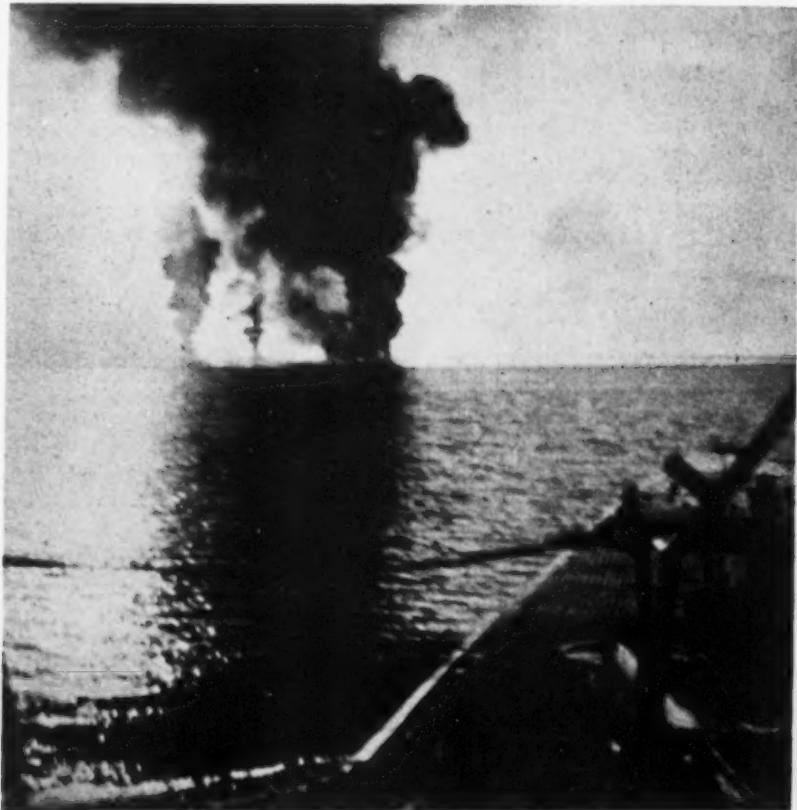
To be effective it would involve great cost, and require thousands of specialized personnel for a full time job. The value of such a protective ring is being studied from every angle.

As for the Arctic picket submarine now under test, little information has been released. Suffice to say that Admiral Byrd, his crews, and others of the same school of thought have not been making Arctic and Antarctic explorations for the winter sports possibilities involved. One popular theory now in circulation is that in the event of another war the Arctic zones will be highly strategic. This may or may not be the case, but the U. S. wants subs capable of operation in frigid waters.

If we have to fight again, troops will have to be transported across the seas. Complete air transport of armies is not yet a reality and may not become one in our time. The great fleets, merchantmen, and troop transports must be protected against these modern steel underwater killers, probably by an entirely new system of weapons and tactics. It will not be easy.

Our Navy is burning the midnight oil.

END



The grisly end of this Jap tanker is fitting testimony to the danger of a submarine warfare in the future. Deadly pig boats have come into their own

the Martinet



J. De Graase

BY MORGAN HOBBS

SERGEANT McCoy knocked on the captain's door. "Come in!" rapped a voice inside. The sergeant entered the small room, stepped as far as the desk and halted at attention. The small, red-moustached man who was bent over his desk was busy with some papers but he glanced up momentarily.

"Oh, it's you, Sergeant," he said, shortly. "At ease."

The sergeant relaxed and looked about him. There wasn't much to see in this cubby hole of a room. A dilapidated desk, a steel filing cabinet, two rickety office chairs. Something on the wall above the captain's head caught the sergeant's eye as it had so many times before. The only mural decoration in the room, it expressed eloquently the captain's personality. It was a motto, made to order, on white cardboard, and it read:

GRIPE YOU MAY, BUT OBEY YOU MUST!

The sergeant looked from the motto to the man beneath it. A tough little man, Captain Reilly, but square as his chin. A hard disciplinarian, he had no patience with men who didn't want to give of their best; but he always seemed to know when a man was trying. The men never wondered why he was the captain nor questioned his right and ability to be their superior.

"Well?" said Capt. Reilly; and the sergeant came to with a start.

"You called an inspection for five-thirty, Sir."

"So I did," said the captain.

He rose, and the sergeant followed him out to where the men stood, in a double rank, awaiting his scrutiny.

"Atten-shun!" barked the sergeant. The captain moved slowly along the front rank, taking in every detail of the uniforms before him. When he reached the last man, he stopped.

"Your name?" asked the captain, coldly.

"Williams, Sir."

The red moustache bristled, and the captain looked as if he would explode as he glared silently at the miscreant before him.

"You - have - a - button - missing," he said, evenly. "Make a note, Sergeant." He did not wait to see the flush that mounted to the man's face but rounded the end of the front rank and passed along the line behind. At one point he adjusted a hat. "We wear them *right* in this outfit," he said. When he passed the last man the sergeant heaved a sigh of relief as he always had when inspection was over.

"Very good, Sergeant," said the captain; then he walked out before the front rank and faced his men. He looked at them a moment in silence. Then he spoke.

"Sometimes," said the captain, "we are called upon to do our duty with more than customary devotion and zeal. It takes a little more out of us, but this time the reason for it should be ample reward." He looked solemnly from one end of the line to the other. "All I ask," he concluded—and his voice became a little husky—"all I ask is that as you go about your duties, you remember that today is the TENTH anniversary here at the Palace Theater. To your posts!"

END

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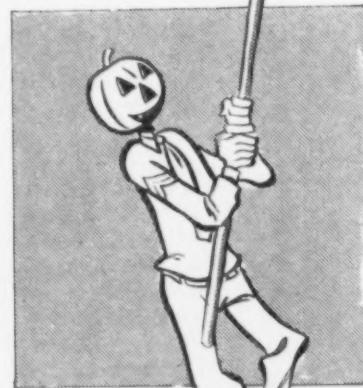
HALLOWEEN



BY
JIM
MACHIN



Boo! ... Boo!
... Boo! ... Boo!
Boo! ... Boo!
... Boo! ...



Cider always
has the
strangest effect
on Corporal Fopp!



HELICOPTERS

[continued from page 9]



has cleared the field, the "windmill" rises again. Flyers, new to Quantico, are understandably nervous when they first see the Sikorskys flitting around the airfield at low altitudes.

From the pilot's standpoint, helicopter flying is definitely good duty. With one exception, the officers of HMX-1 are enthusiastic about their new work. When asked to compare flying conventional airplanes with "eggbeater" operation, several said that comparison was impossible. Their enjoyment of conventional flying had become jaded.

Although they had expressed interest in helicopters before joining the squadron, many of the flyers admitted that at the time they looked upon the "windmills" as gadgets and were slightly suspicious of airplanes without wings.

While the piloting of modern conventional fighting planes is by no means a cinch, helicopter-jockeying is exceptionally demanding; an exhausting task. When the craft is traveling at a constant speed in level flight, controlling it is similar to operating a regular airplane. It is then relatively easy to manage. But as soon as the cruising altitude is broken, the whole situation changes. The pilot has additional controls to operate and they must be coordinated in ways completely alien to conventional flying. The helicopter is basically unstable, whereas, any other type of airplane is designed to maintain level flight of its own accord or to "fly hands-off." On top of these complications, there is a noticeable time lag between the moment the controls are actuated and a response is received. But, the pilots, strangely enough, enjoy battling the helicopter.

The life of HMX-1 is not expected to be a long one. As its name implies, it is set upon an entirely temporary basis. When its job is done it will be decommissioned. If the helicopter is accepted for regular use in the Marine Corps, several operating squadrons will be established. It is very likely that they will become the workhorses of the Marine Air Corps.

END

LAST RITES FOR



SOOCHOW

BY GORDON F. OGILVIE

A RECENT issue of the San Diego *Chevron* stated that "Soochow," Corps-famous former canine mascot of the Fourth Marines in Shanghai, passed away in San Diego on April 21. Soochow was the Chinese wonk that spent the war in a Japanese prison camp with the rest of the Marines of the old Fourth. Despite the rigors and vicissitudes of prison camp, he survived to live out a span of nearly 11 years.

Soochow was born in Shanghai in the early summer of 1937, and joined the Marine Corps in August of that year at the next post up Soochow Creek from Post No. 3-A. With several others, I made the relief that morning and was introduced to the small pup by the men who were being relieved. The dog was zealously guarding the chevaux de frise that prevented a considerable number of coolies from coming down onto Soochow Road, and we unanimously decided he should be named after the Creek he guarded. He was henceforth known as Soochow and became an integrated member of the Fourth.

As I recall, some doubt has been expressed as to just when and where he joined the regiment. Lest doubters rise to say me nay, let me point out that I was on the staff of the regimental magazine *Walla Walla* at that time and during that week the old scandal sheet missed publication for the first time since 1927 because the staff was needed to man the line down on the Creek.

Many will mourn the passing of the stout-hearted, loyal, and tough little dog whose career with the Corps was concurrent with and part of one of the most glorious chapters of Marine Corps history. He joined at a time when bayonets were fixed and had to crawl under barbed wire to do it. Captured with his comrades and masters by the enemy, he underwent hardship and hunger with only the mutual loyalty and love of his comrades to sustain him, and finally closed his old eyes at the Marine Corps Base, under The Globe, Anchor, and Eagle emblem.

Soochow's life was emblematic of Marine Corps campaigning, in that it was pretty rough all the way, even from a mongrel mascot's point of view, yet he stuck around to prove an unofficial motto of the Corps: "Loyalty flourishes in adversity."

END

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

CHEVRONS

Sirs:

Sincere thanks for the dope your section sent me about the China and Japanese ribbons and the wearing of blues as liberty uniforms. The Camp Pendleton Scout published the letter much to the benefit of the troops who never got the word.

Now with the apologies to the artist who designed the May '48 cover. Weren't the chevrons of the USMC and the Army the same during the Civil War, the Spanish American etc.? PFCs were then Lance Corporals and NCO chevrons held water as do the British chevrons and those of the US Navy. Just a technicality . . . am I correct?

Charles T. Westcott
2nd Lt. USMC

● No. Artist Karl Hubenthal, who served in the Marines, knows his chevrons. Marines have never worn chevrons that "held water." Their first were single straight bars. Later, the apex type chevron which extended from the point of shoulder to the elbow was adopted, but it was worn in the same inverted manner as today.—Ed.

ARE PRIVATES OBSOLETE

Sirs:

Before I receive my discharge papers I would like to ask Leatherneck a couple of questions:

1. Does the Marine Corps ever expect to have any more privates, except those who proved they could not hold a rate in the Corps? In the "old Corps" a fellow had to have at least six months, or more, after enlistment to hold the rank of Private First Class, and nine months more to become eligible for the next higher rate. Now I don't claim to be an old salt, but when you have a clean record for 18 months and a boot with only boot camp time comes up with a PFC rate, and then in about six months makes sergeant—that is enough to make anyone boil a little bit.

2. Are former members of the Fifth and Sixth Marines allowed to wear the Pogey Rope, after they have been transferred to another outfit?

Philip D. Bruce

St. Paul, Minn.

● Not too many years ago, in another "old Corps" privates were shipping over for their second cruise hoping to make PFC. The only men authorized to wear the French Fourragere, after being transferred from the Fifth and Sixth Marines, are the men who earned the right to wear the decoration permanently in World War I.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

SEVEN ELEVENS

[continued from page 21]

plenty of pressure in trying to whip the squad into shape.

Although recent Almars drained the majority of prospects from the air station, there are a few outstanding players left to build around.

Foremost among last year's regulars is Sergeant John Kreamchek, 6' 4", 220 pound tackle, who was picked on an All-Navy team for the '47 season. Big John will be remembered by the opposition as a stone wall defense man and a tower of strength at opening holes on offense. His presence on one side of the line should take some of the worries off the coach's shoulders.

There are several good prospective ends as well as a number of guards and center applicants with several years of organized football experience behind them. It is expected that the "Flyers" will have a forward wall worthy of praise and capable of giving the Point opponents a rough time.

The coaching staff, consisting of Major Hank Hise and M/Sgt. Mike Cervin, former Mississippi end, in addition to Capt. Sloan, has decided to switch from the single-wing to the tricky "T." To date they have evidenced difficulty in finding backs with experience in running out the quick breaking plays. By the time the season is a game or two underway, however, they expect to have most of the wrinkles ironed out.

One of the bright prospects is PFC Tom Shepherd, of New Orleans, who, with four years of high school experience, three of which were good enough to earn him all-state honors, has shown up well in pre-season workouts. He is expected to be a starting member of the backfield when the opening kick-off comes downfield.

Other backs who have shown up well in practice are Glass, Sankin, Waters and Hughes. If a strong forward wall can be molded, the Point will probably come through with a surprise or two before the season ends.

Their schedule includes the following creditable opponents:

Sept. 17th—East Carolina State Teacher's College, at Rocky Mount.

Sept. 25th—Eglin Field, Fla., (home)
Oct. 2nd—Fort Bragg (82nd Airborne Inf.) (away)

Oct. 9th—Fort Eustis, Va., (home)
Oct. 16th—NAS, Quonset Point, R. I., (away)

Oct. 23rd—Phila. Navy Yard (home)
Oct. 31st—Parris Island (away)
Nov. 7th—Jacksonville NAS (away)

Nov. 13th—Camp Lejeune (home)
Nov. 20th—Open.
Nov. 25th—Open.

Heading out to the West Coast again, the first stop is at Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego.

WO R. E. "Bull" Trometter is again head coach and also has his able assistants, "Lockerbox" Jones and Don Gibson on hand. This trio gained fame on San Diego's grid teams during the period 1934-40, and turned out a top-notch team last year. They lost two games by a total of three points; one to DesPac 21-19 and the other by a 7-6 score.

THIS year things may be better. There are 17 veterans returning from last year's team. Topping the list is "Skeeter" Quinlan, another Leatherneck All-Marine selection, who will again call signals. Gene Moore, one of the finest backs in the Southern California league, and, because of his terrific blocking, was largely responsible for the Skeeter breaking away for long gains, is again well ensconced in his favorite backfield spot. Prior to coming into the Corps, Moore had two years of college ball with the East Central State Teachers college of Oklahoma.

Staff Sgt. Don McAlexander, veteran end from last year's eleven, is now up to a solid 200 pounds without having lost any of his speed. He was top pass receiver of the team last year. During his off season, Mac is a drill instructor at the Depot.

One of Bull's new backfield prospects is PFC Hank Batterton, at right half. Only 19 years old, Batterton is fresh out of boot camp. He played at Huntington Park California High School and is rated a good ball carrier, fast and shifty . . . but at his best in the blocking spot. He should see lots of action this year.

In the line, veteran guard Bill Butler and Leroy Meissner, a 210 pound tackle are back and 'abustin' to go.

Two other new backfield men who will keep the vets on their toes for first string positions are Stan Main who played two years at San Francisco City College before entering the Corps, and Stan Spiker, a 150 pound scat-back who played freshman ball at the University of Alabama. In early workouts they looked very good, good enough so that Coaches Jones and Gibson looked at each other and said, "Um-m-m-m-m, (unquote). A terse statement.

The fall turnout saw 150 candidates eager to go. Coach Trometter expects more to show up before the practice season is a week old. Things seem to be looking up at old MCRD.

Their schedule is as follows:

Sept. 18th—San Diego NTC, away.
Oct. 3rd—Submarine Dolphins, Balboa Park.
Oct. 10th—San Diego NAS, Balboa Park.
Oct. 17th—USS Tarawa, home.
Oct. 24th—Amphibs Pac, Balboa Park.
Oct. 30th—USS Princeton, home.
Nov. 11th—NAAS (Reams Field), home.
Nov. 21st—Terminal Island NB, Balboa Park.
Dec. 4th—Parris Island Recruit Depot (tentative).

Football at Camp Pendleton will take on increased interest for the coming season as a result of a growing sports program and a ball team that compares more than favorably with last year's aggregation.

A new head coach, Major James T. Breen, took over just before early season practice sessions began. He is ably assisted by two of last year's assistant coaches, TSgt. C. C. Klinck, handling the backs and MSgt. E. B. "Oiv" Vassar, working with the line. Both of these men are veterans of pre-war San Diego teams.

Although CamPen lost the majority of last year's regulars through a succession of Almars, an initial turnout of over 200 prospects quickly dispelled any worries the staff had concerning the caliber of this year's players.

Returning from last year's squad is Wayne Ubben, one of the leading punters in the Southern California League, who will again operate from fullback. He will be ably relieved periodically by Tom Ragucci.

TWO likely starters at the guards are Pat Henry and Dick Almes. The former scales 195 and is constructed along the lines of a cut down Sherman tank. Almes was shifted from center in order to make better use of his aggressiveness.

Recovered from a knee operation and in fine fettle is Bill Marker, another regular returnee and excellent pass snagger. Over on the other flank, Felix Malewicz is firmly dug in.

Hampered with injuries throughout most of the '47 season, Joe Luchiccia seems well enough to take charge of one of the tackles, while a couple of last seasons reserves, Bill Gribble and R. M. Roy, have improved sufficiently to move up and, if not discharged, may battle for the other number one job.

D. W. Gray is slated to handle the ball at center but may run into a battle for the job if Will Zaudtke, an all-around player, is converted from the backfield to the forward wall.

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SEVEN ELEVENS (cont.)

Two new-comers, a couple of shifty wingbacks, Joe Sabol and little Darrel Gentry, seem to have fit in well with Major Breen's plan of attack. It was hard to choose between their performances in the intra-squad game last Summer.

The rest of the backfield candidates are Bob Koehler, R. J. Suster, R. A. Penner and Lieutenant John Beckett. Beckett played last year with the Jacksonville Naval Air Station team which bowed to Quantico in the East Coast semi-finals.

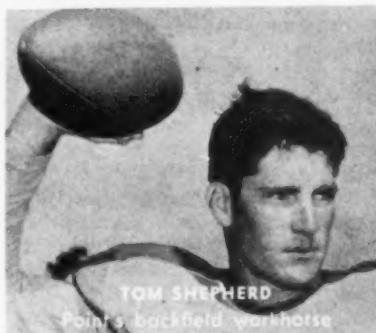
Two other freshmen, who have made tremendous strides during pre-season work, and who will see a lot of action are, Dole Jones at tackle and Chuck Maxwell at guard.

The team appears potentially stronger and much faster than last year's . . . although not as heavy. This could be the West Coast sleeper.

Their tentative schedule is as follows:

Sept. 18th—Tongue Point NAS, home.
 Sept. 26th—San Diego NAS, Balboa Park.
 Oct. 2nd—U. of Calif., Ramblers, home.
 Oct. 9th—San Diego NTC, home.
 Oct. 16th—Camp Stoneman (Army), away.
 Oct. 23rd—open.
 Oct. 27th—DesPac, Balboa Park.
 Nov. 5th—Terminal Island NB, away.
 Nov. 11th—El Toro Air Station, home.
 Nov. 13th—open.
 Nov. 20th—Amphibs Pac, home.
 Nov. 27th—Seattle NAS, away.

Coaches Cornwall and Woods will have to work nights to replace most of last year's losses. His backfield will probably come from among the following promising candidates. Jim Powers, from Sarasota, Florida, a hard-driving 170 pounder, will probably grab off the left-half spot. Bill Weathered, who played high school ball at Fort Worth, Texas, is slated to fill the other half. The rest of the backs are, Bill Sergeant, Reggie Boyer, Leo Lucero, Ed Kuzas and Alex Lane.



The little information we have shows PFC George Keiffer, New York City, and Dick Couture, off Lincoln, Nebraska sandlots, coming along well at end. Corporal Mike Seigert, 6 foot 2 inch, 210 pounder from Baltimore, O'Shea, Graham and Tetrick are tackles. The sentry slots will be filled by Hubert, 220 lbs., Leonard, 210 lbs., and a couple of lightweights, Walters and Lewis at 180. The toss-back men are Hinrich and Garcia, both around 195. The line should shape up heavy enough . . . but what about speed?

The Bulls have bitten off a big chunk o' schedule: hope they have the gang to handle it.

Sept. 17th—Seattle NAS, home.
 Sept. 24th—Stanford U. JV, home.
 Oct. 2nd—Fairfield Army Air Base, away.
 Oct. 9th—Alameda NAS (tentative).
 Oct. 15th—Colorado School of Mines, away.
 Oct. 23rd—Mare Island Navy, home.
 Oct. 29th—San Diego NAS, home.
 Nov. 6th—Whidbey Island NAS, home.
 Nov. 11th—Camp Pendleton Marines, away.
 Nov. 19th—DesPac, home.
 Nov. 28th—MCRD, away.

It looks as if it'll be a great season for all hands; it'll be greater if we can squeeze one or, better yet, a couple of them into the finals.

Leatherneck's 1948 All-Marine Football Teams will appear in the January issue.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 54]

THE "BAR" SONG

Sirs:

In answer to B. W. (one shot) Trent's request for the lyrics of the BAR Song in the July issue of the *Leatherneck*, here is the parody he asked for.

VERSE

The weapon we carry, it weighs half a ton
The darn thing is forty feet long.
We fire them by hundreds while others fire one
Hark to the poor BAR man's song.
The unit of fire of this piece of scrap iron
Is four hundred twenty nine rounds.
With full ammunition and gear in addition
It weighs around nine hundred pounds.

CHORUS

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The AP, the tracer, the ball
Switch the change lever and pull back the bolt,
Squeeze on the trigger and wait for the jolt.
Cause she bucks like a model T Ford, and death is our only reward
And when we are dead then some other dead-head,
Will carry the BAR we adore.

This is the version that I have heard while in the Corps concerning the BAR and I hope that it is the one Trent had in mind when he sounded off.

Vincent Jr. Lyman

• Many other letters containing various versions of the "BAR" song have been received by Leatherneck. Our thanks to all the interested readers who sent them in. Space permitting, they will be printed in future issues.—Ed.

NOT THE SAME

Sirs:

I have just received my fourth issue of *Leatherneck* under my new three year subscription. After reading my first four issues, I have drawn the conclusion that the *Leatherneck* isn't the magazine which we all enjoyed while in the Corps.

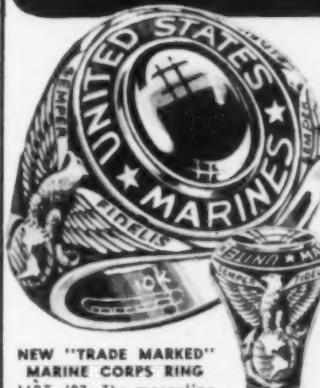
The grade of paper used doesn't equal the quality which the 10¢ comic books are made of, and now I notice that the size of the issue has been cut almost in half.

Just thought you may be interested to hear what an old Marine has to say about the new *Leatherneck*. Hoping to see an improvement, I remain:

Robert F. Duebber
Cincinnati, Ohio

TURN PAGE

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SOUND OFF (cont.)

DISTINGUISHING DIFFERENCE

Sirs:

I am writing this letter hoping that my suggestion will be of some help in regard to the China Service Medal. I believe that there should be some distinction between those who received this medal from 1937-39, and those who received it for service there after the war.

Maybe this latter group are good men and did a more important job, but the old Fourth Regiment and the Sixth Marines who participated in the defense of the International Settlement should have some distinguishing feature on their medals.

SSgt. S. C. Fisher

Washington, D. C.



FULL OF QUANTICO OFFICERS

Sirs:

Just finished looking over your selections of an all-Marine football team and find it (the selection) is unsatisfactory. I notice the team is full of Quantico officers. What happened to Camp Lejeune? Aren't they part of the Marine Corps, too?

Lejeune has some of the best boys in the business, for instance, Kessler at center, wanted by five top colleges. What happened? I call this unfairness with a capital "U."

A Disgusted Reader

Parris Island, S. C.

● Our Sports Editor insists Leatherneck's All-Marine team is not full of Quantico officers. Out of the 11 men selected for first team honors, EIGHT were enlisted men, five of the 11 were from Quantico, of which three were officers. Quantico can stand on their record, backed up by the 26-0 drubbing they gave the West Coast champs, Alameda Air Station, for the All-Navy title.

Camp Lejeune, as far as our records go, played only two games during '47. The Second Division won the Atlantic Fleet Championship in a sort of Fleet round-robin at Norfolk. This team was made up of the best players from five or six teams competing in intra-division games. Their two games couldn't be matched with the 8 to 11 game records of the other Marine teams under consideration.

Things will probably be different at Camp Lejeune next season, however. General Hart predicts that he will have a good team, and with the entire Second Division to choose from, we believe him.—Ed.

THE WAR GOES ON

[continued from page 25]

and workmanship. And the Jap "Model 94" is strictly bad news from a shooting standpoint. It is probably the poorest pistol in the world from the standpoint of design; so bad that hand pressure on a projecting external part when the gun is cocked can fire it! Hang this one on the wall; don't shoot it! Anyway, all of these pistols



require Jap 8-mm. ammunition, which has no equivalent in American manufacture.

Be sure you're getting your money's worth before you buy souvenir firearms from Europe offered you in sale or trade. Advice from the National Rifle Association representative on your state War Trophy Safety Committee (or from The National Rifle Association itself, 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, NW, Washington 6, D.C.) may save you from making a bad investment. Some of these guns are (or can be made) good, even superb, sporting weapons. But remember that "furrin" guns are made for "furrin" loads, some of which have American equivalents, some of which do not. An "orphan" caliber will have to be altered before you can get ammunition for it—and alterations may cost a major part of, or more than, the price of a comparable new American made weapon . . . Remember, whatever else you do, that just because a certain cartridge will "fit" or can be forced into a certain gun—is no proof that that cartridge can be fired safely in that gun! Find out! . . . Remember too that all nations, and enemy nations in particular, suffered wartime shortages of materials and skilled labor which seriously lowered the quality of their products; that even a product wearing a famous and honorable name, if it is of wartime manu-

facture, may be a cheap, even an unsafe weapon. The rule is; have each individual weapon inspected and passed by an expert.

Even some otherwise good weapons are booby traps! A man in Virginia fired his souvenir Walther (German) P-38 at a target. The gun jammed. Examination showed that the gun lacked certain vital safety parts. Only sheer luck prevented heavy moving parts being blown back into the shooter's face. Whether the omission of parts was accidental or deliberate is not known.



Perhaps the most amazing of all stories of "accidents" with souvenir guns comes from Johnstown, Pa. A veteran of World War I had a Luger pistol which he had "liberated" in 1917. In 1946, having owned the gun for 28 years, he attempted for the first time to remove the grip plates. The gun exploded! It had been booby trapped.

Remember, machines don't read the news, nor sign the peace. They don't know, or care, that the war is over. A bomb is a bomb, a booby trap is a booby trap, regardless of changes in international relations!

Don't take chances! Phone your nearest Alcohol Tax Investigator; ask him for the advice of your War Trophy Safety Committee. Their services are free. That's more than you can expect from the doctor, or from the mortician, who serves you *after it happens!*

END

NEXT MONTH . . .

E. B. Mann discusses the pros and cons of converting that souvenir Jap rifle into a hunting or target weapon. Don't miss "Arisaka To Sporster—Yes Or No?" in the November issue of Leatherneck.

JEWELERS' ART

[continued from page 39]

transferring a design to a metal surface. Always glue the paper drawing to the metal. After the glue is dry, re-trace the pencil lines of the drawing with ink, preferably waterproof. This is done to prevent the drawing from rubbing off the paper during handling.

Women—mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts, will be the chief beneficiaries of your amateur jewelry making. Their interest in your hobby will perk-up sharply when they see a few of the masterpieces which can be created by your newly developed skill.

However, not all of your efforts need be confined to producing ornamental gifts for the fair sex. Men's rings, when designed in good taste, are articles of jewelry which may properly be worn by Marines, in or out of uniform.



It requires less than an hour of work to make a silver knot ring. A piece of 14 or 16 gauge sterling wire, about four inches long, is knotted in the center. One end of the knotted wire is grasped with heavy pliers; the other end is held in a vice. Pull the wire to partially close the knot. A second piece of wire is inserted through the partially closed knot and then knotted to form the double knot ring. Both wires should be pulled separately to make the knots identical in size. The shank portion of the ring is silver soldered after being squeezed parallel. The ring is then bent to the proper size on a mandrel. The knot is slightly flattened by gently tapping it with a wooden or rawhide mallet. Saw the open ends square, solder, and polish.

Another easy-to-make ring is formed by coiling a length of round sterling wire on a mandrel, a piece of iron pipe the size of your finger will serve as an excellent mandrel. Three turns around the mandrel will be enough. Flatten the ends of the wire with a hammer and

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JUST OUT!

FOR WANT OF A NAIL

By Hawthorne Daniel
296 pages, 5 1/2 x 8, illustrated, \$3.75

In a significant analysis of six historic war campaigns—the American Revolution, the Peninsular War, Napoleon's Moscow Campaign, the American Civil War, the Sudan Campaign, and the invasion of Europe in World War II—*FOR WANT OF A NAIL* illustrates how logistics has played an all-important part in winning victories down through history. In vivid description, the author emphasizes the fact that drama lies not only on the field of battle but in the forces of supply that made the battle possible.

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TURN PAGE

JEWELERS' ART (cont.)

file, then flatten areas to resemble snake heads. Use a steel scribe for cross-hatching and to draw in the eyes and more delicate body features on this double-headed snake ring. Silver solder the coil from the inside and polish it. Your main difficulty in making this ring will be to get the wire the correct length before bending to shape so that both heads will be visible when the finished ring is worn.

A more conventional ring, suitable for holding a mounted stone, can be made from sheet silver. Draw on paper and cut out several patterns to determine proper size and the best design for this ring. Add the thickness of the metal to the correct pattern length to take care of filing and bending. Glue the paper pattern on 16, 18, or 20 gauge sheet silver and cut out the ring blank with a jewelers saw. If pierced designs are to be sawed into the blank, drill holes, insert the blade, and saw out the design. Use fine blades and do the sawing over a piece of notched wood fastened to a table top.

After the blank is sawed and pierced bend it to shape around a ring man-

drel, using a wood or rawhide mallet. Solder the ends together.

The ring may be worn as a plain silver band, with cut designs engraved line decorations, or with a jewel stone mounted on its top.

Carbochen cut stones are the most popular type used for hand jewelry. These stones are cut with a domed surface and a flat base. The flat base may be square, round, or oval in shape. It is a popular type of cut for many semi-precious stones.

The bezel, most popular setting used for mounting carbochen cut stones, is simply, a low, metal rim around the stone with the upper edge turned in to hold the gem. Bezels are made round, oval, square, or rectangular.

Fine silver is the best metal for making bezels, although sterling may be used. Fine silver has the advantage of softness which makes it easy to turn the bezel edge over the stone with a burnishing tool.

A sheet of 26 gauge fine silver may be cut with small, sharp shears to the width required for making bezels. Cut the strip of silver long enough to go completely around the girdle of the stone, and wide enough so that it may be turned in over the curve of the

stone, holding it firmly in its place.

Carefully shape the bezel to the exact dimensions of the gem and solder its ends together. Do not solder or otherwise heat the bezel while the stone is in it. The result will be a cracked or completely broken gem.

If the stone is to be mounted on a ring or bracelet it may be necessary to curve the bottom of the bezel to fit it evenly against the ring or bracelet surface. To do this, rub the bezel over an iron pipe which has been covered with abrasive emery cloth.

After the bezel has been properly shaped to hold the stone within its loop and closely fitted to the base upon which it is being mounted, place the bezel on the work and apply borax flux to the seam. Put small pieces of silver solder inside the bezel where it rests on the ring or bracelet and begin heating. When the solder has melted, dip the entire work in a pickling solution and polish it. Now set the stone into the silver bezel mount and press the edges of the bezel over the stone. This last operation is done with a smooth steel burnishing tool.

Many beginners in this hobby will be pleasantly surprised when they learn that rough gem material suitable for making jewelry stones can be found in virtually every part of this country and may often be collected at no cost. Water-worn pebbles cast up on Pacific beaches are often cut and polished as gem stones. Rock quarries or other large excavations often yield excellent material for gem cutting. River gravels and desert sands frequently contain rocks and pebbles usable as gem stones. These are not precious stones, but they are admirably suited to amateur jewelry making.

The desert area around the Marine Corps Depot of Supplies at Barstow, Calif., has been reported to be a gem hunters' paradise—if you can stand the heat. Agate, jasper, sagenite, chalcedony roses, and bloodstones have all been found in this region.

Large chunks of rough material are cut and sectioned by using a metal disc with diamond powder set in its edge. This disc is motor driven and the diamond fragments in its edge cut rapidly through almost all gem specimens. The smaller pieces of rough material are then shaped and buffed on grinding wheels of increasing finer grit, until the completely polished stone is ready for mounting in a finished setting.

It is recommended that the serious jewelry hobbyist procure one of the many fine books which are now available on this subject. Here is a hobby with many interesting new discoveries and a challenge to anyone's imagination.

END



"Yeh Mate, we have a man in that tent who makes swell lamps from 75-mm. shells - - -"

A black and white photograph of actress Janet Leigh. She is shown from the chest up, looking over her right shoulder towards the camera with a soft expression. Her dark hair is styled in soft waves. She is wearing a dark, patterned garment with a large, textured bow at the waist. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

JANET LEIGH
*No Hollywood sophistication here.
just a sweet, lovely, young girl*

5135

Books Reviewed

FOR WANT OF A NAIL. By Hawthorne Daniel. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. \$3.75

IN modern war a nation's entire energy and resources are pitted against those of its enemies. Trained men still carry the war to the enemy, but they can do it successfully only when they are backed up by an organization which assures a steady flow of the thousands of items of equipment and supplies that are consumed in the flaming maw of battle.

In 1943, General Marshall, in his Biennial Report as Chief of Staff, stated, "The requirements of logistics are seldom understood." Again in his final report he noted that such matters are "only vaguely appreciated by the public or even the rank and file of the armed forces."

The basic principles of strategy and tactics are not difficult to grasp. Logistics, on the other hand, is a much more complicated matter, though none-the-less fascinating.

The resourcefulness and courage demonstrated in a bold plan by which a great field commander has achieved victory, usually overshadows in the record that phase of the campaign by which the troops, the guns, and the supplies arrived upon the field at precisely the right time and in the correct quantities. But without attention to the vital subject of logistics, no battle plan, however brilliant the strategy and tactics involved, could ever succeed. History is full of accounts of campaigns and battles which failed, wherein logistics was the controlling factor.

So greatly has the nature of warfare changed that it might be assumed that history has no lessons in logistics applicable to today's problems. But as the author points out, the principles of logistics, like those of strategy, exert as much force today as they did in the past. Since they were of a more primitive nature, the logistics involved in the American Revolution, for example, are more clearly understood by the casual reader than the logistics of the invasion of Europe in World War II.

"For Want of a Nail" is an excellent

account of six important historic campaigns, including the last invasion of Europe. The problems of logistics are analyzed with respect to their influence on strategy, tactics, and the final outcome of the conflicts.

General Breton Somervell states in the foreword: "All of us owe Mr. Daniel a debt of gratitude for this timely work. Although he says that his book is only an introduction to the subject of logistics, it is far more than that and deserves to be placed on the most convenient shelf of every military library, large or small."

We can only say, "We agree!" —J.F.M.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. Rinehart and Company, Inc., New York. \$4.00

TWENTY-FIVE year old Norman Mailer has brought forth one of the best stories thus far of World War II. The book is already pushing its way high on the best seller list, and has been favorably compared with John Dos Passo's novel "Three Soldiers." "The Naked and the Dead" falls somewhat short of the high standard of "Three Soldiers," but in one respect—the use of raw language of the characters—it surpasses (in its own way) even Dos Passo's book.

"The Naked and The Dead" is the story of a heterogeneous crew of draftees who comprise an Intelligence and Reconnaissance platoon led by Sergeant Croft, a cold-blooded professional soldier who delights in killing the enemy and who will not be thwarted in his own ambitions, even though it means the death of several of his men and torturous hardships for the remainder.

Paralleling this is a second story. It is the narrative of General Cummings, commander of the troops whose mission is to conquer the island of Anopopei. The general's headquarters is blessed, or perhaps cursed with a Second Lieutenant Hearn. The lieutenant is little more than an orderly to whom Cummings confides his theories, battle doctrines and tactics.

Since the lieutenant is one of those men who gets a little too big for his "britches," it is not surprising that he is transferred to the I&R platoon as platoon leader.

Several days later, the general conceives a plan for breaking the stalemate which exists between the Japs and the Americans. He plans a shore-to-shore amphibious landing behind the Jap lines. The I&R platoon is given the mission of thoroughly scouting the rear of the lines prior to the projected attack.

The patrol suffers almost unendurable hardships during which the veneer of civilization is stripped from the men. Croft is determined not to give up actual leadership of the platoon and Hearn, who is privately afraid that Croft is a better man than he is, is equally determined to be the platoon leader. This conflict leads to many climaxes before the mission is completed.

For a youth of 25 years, Norman Mailer has depicted the emotions and thoughts of his varied characters with amazing skill. His picturization of a night banzai, a solitary night patrol by Sergeant Martinez, and various battle scenes are shown with a clarity and accuracy almost too real for anyone who has experienced battle.

The book has its shortcomings, too. Its 721 pages create the impression that the author has over written and many pages are devoted to flash backs showing the life of each man before he joined the army. Mailer's apparent belief that officers are invariably stupid and enlisted men are concerned with sex to the exclusion of almost everything else, is the book's second big fault. And, while no one will deny that soldiers often speak profanely, the raw language could have been toned down. However, this language may be necessary to give the book the "stark realism" which so many readers demand.

"The Naked and The Dead" has stark realism. Plans are supposedly already under way to produce it as a play, and later it will probably be given a Hollywood treatment.

—W.F.K.

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